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ACTION COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

Featuring
THE THRILL-A-MINUTE
FEATS OF
SUPERMAN
IN THE ADVENTURE
THAT ROCKED
METROPOLIS!



SUPERMAN

WHO CAN FORETELL THE FUTURE?
ARE THERE ACTUALLY PROPHETS WHO
CAN FORECAST THINGS TO COME?
THE PEOPLE OF METROPOLIS THINK
SO—FOR IN THEIR MIDST HAS
SUDDENLY COME AN OLD HERMIT,
PREDICTING CATASTROPHE! AND WHEN
ONE DISASTER FALLS UPON THE HEELS
OF ANOTHER IN RAPID SUCCESSION,
SUPERMAN IS FORCED TO SUMMON
EVERY POWER AT HIS COMMAND IN
AN EFFORT TO HEAD OFF THE BLACK
FUTURE FORETOLD BY THAT PROPHET
OF PERIL—

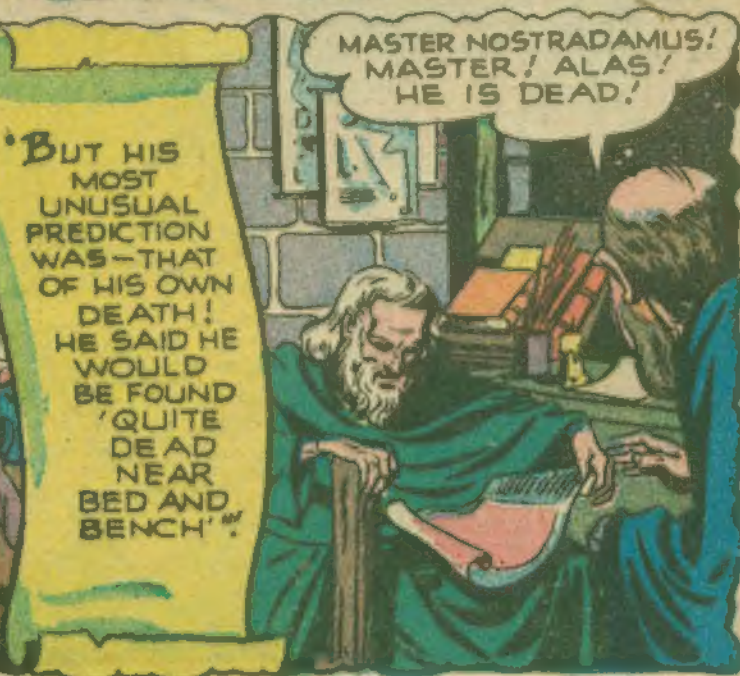
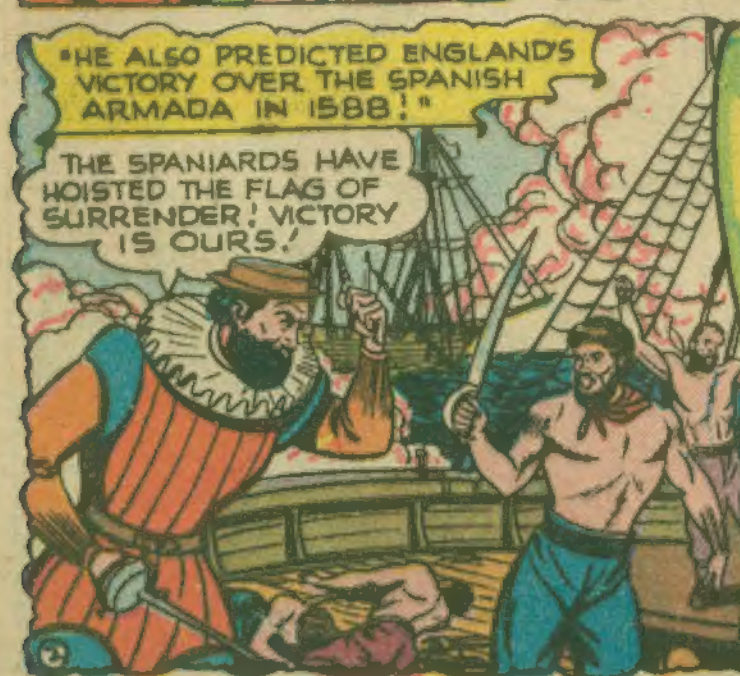
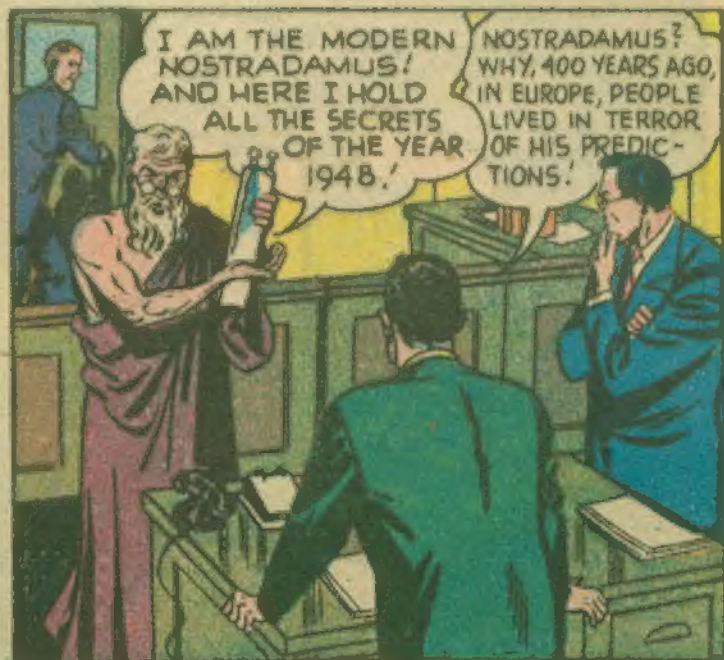
"The MODERN NOSTRADAMUS!"

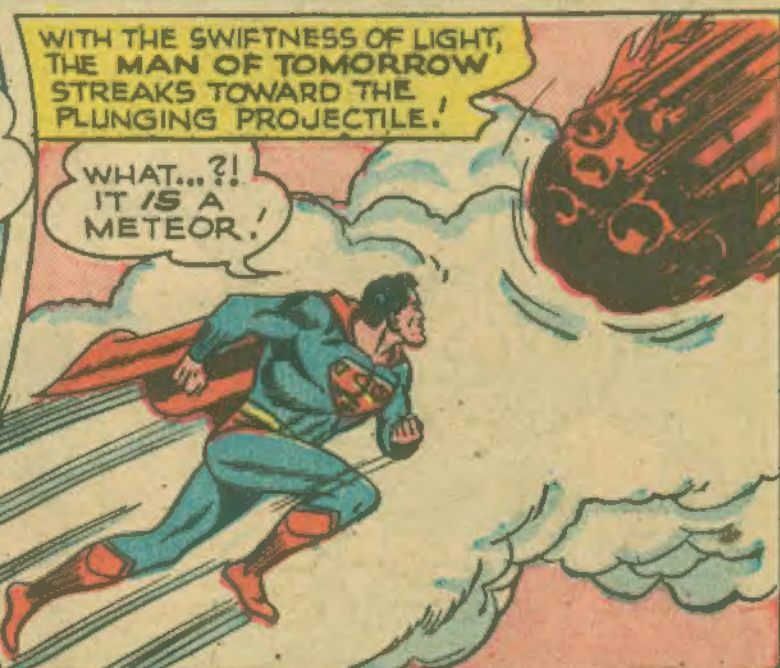
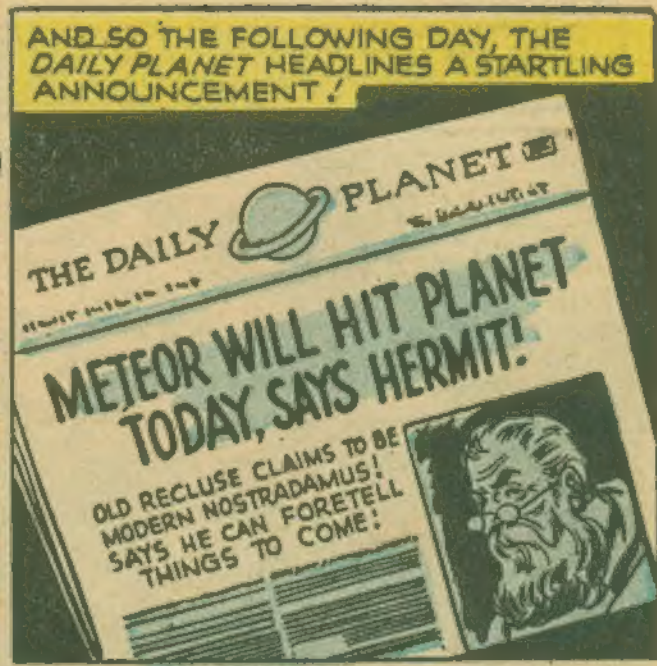
THE PROPHECIES OF NOSTRADAMUS

I PREDICT:

1. METROPOLIS WILL BE HIT BY
A GIGANTIC CRIME WAVE!
2. GANGLAND WILL RUN RIOT
WITHOUT INTERFERENCE!
3. SUPERMAN WILL REVEAL HIS
TRUE IDENTITY IN THE TOWN HALL
SQUARE!





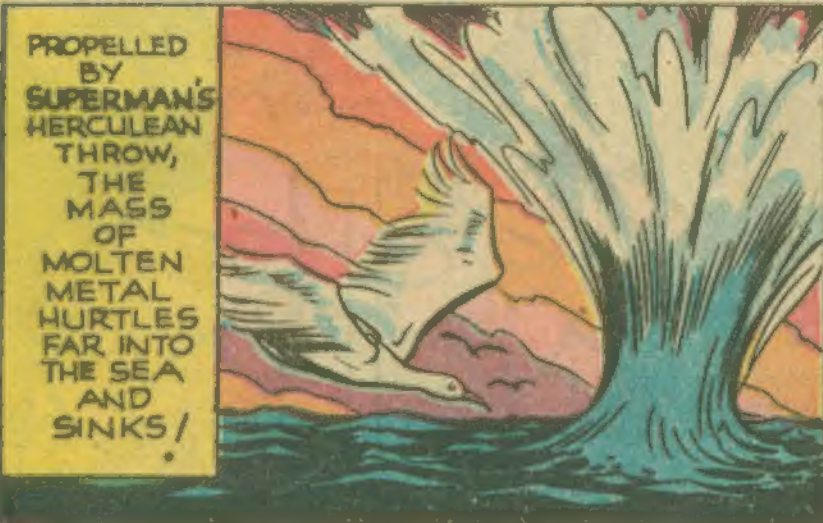


BRACING HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES, THE MAN OF STEEL ABSORBS THE TERRIFIC IMPACT OF TONS OF CRASHING METAL!

JUST A POP FLY!



PROPELLED BY SUPERMAN'S HERCULEAN THROW, THE MASS OF MOLTEN METAL HURTTLES FAR INTO THE SEA AND SINKS!



MY X-RAY VISION SHOWS A CLEAR SPACE WAY OUT ON THE OCEAN! SO HERE GOES A HIGH HARD ONE!



SUPERMAN, YOU SAVED OUR LIVES!

SAY! THE HERMIT'S PREDICTION ALMOST CAME TRUE! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR SUPERMAN, A METEOR WOULD HAVE HIT A PLANET—THE DAILY PLANET!



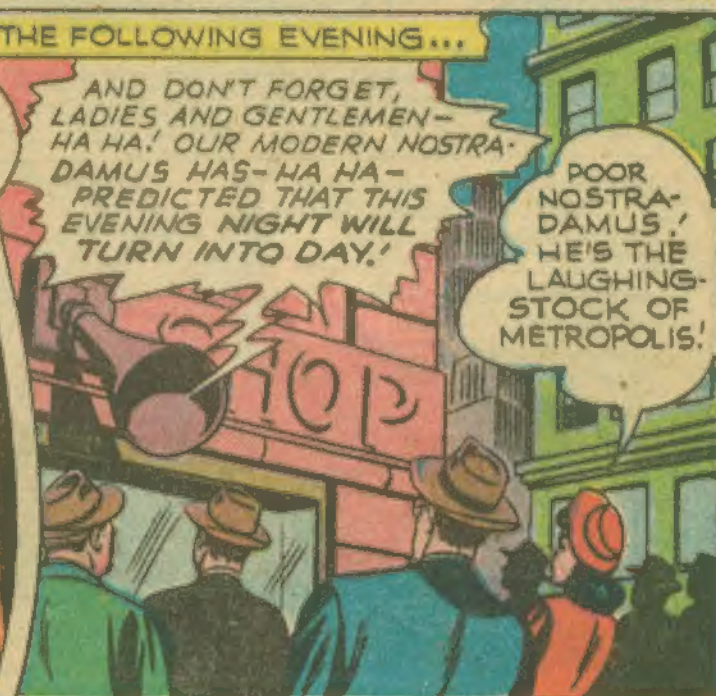
SPEEDING BACK TO THE OFFICE, SUPERMAN BARELY HAS TIME TO CHANGE TO CLARK KENT—UNDER CLARK'S DESK!

HIDING UNDER YOUR DESK! YOU CAN COME OUT NOW! SUPERMAN TOOK CARE OF EVERYTHING—AS USUAL!

IF THEY'D COME IN ONE SECOND SOONER, THEY'D HAVE DISCOVERED MY TRUE IDENTITY!

OH—UH—THANKS, LOIS!





BUT EVEN AS THE THRONGS STAND SPELLBOUND AT THE PHENOMENON—

LOOK AT THE FIRES, CLARK! OH! HE'S GONE! JUST LIKE CLARK KENT, DISAPPEARING WHEN—EVER HE MIGHT BE OF SOME HELP!

UNNOTICED IN THE CROWD AS IT STRAINS TO SEE THE FIRES, CLARK SWIFTLY CHANGES TO SUPERMAN...

THOSE FIRES CAN TURN INTO A FUNERAL PYRE FOR THAT CROWD! I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!

BUT IS SUPERMAN ENTIRELY UNOBSERVED? AS HE SOARS UP OUT OF THE THRONG, A PAIR OF CRAFTY EYES WATCHES HIM...

THAT'S FUNNY! CLARK KENT WALKS AWAY FROM LOIS LANE—AND ONE SECOND LATER SUPERMAN POPS UP FROM WHERE CLARK KENT WAS!

I'D BETTER TELL THE BOSS ABOUT THIS! WHEN SUPERMAN'S SECRET GETS OUT, HE WON'T DARE GIVE US ANY MORE TROUBLE!

MEANWHILE, OVERHEAD...

WITH MY X-RAY VISION, I CAN SEE THAT THE PIPES THAT FEED THE FOUNTAINS LEAD FROM THE RESERVOIR A MILE AWAY!

IT'S A GOOD THING THOSE FIRES BROKE OUT IN FOUNTAIN SQUARE! THOSE FOUNTAINS ARE GOING TO COME IN MIGHTY HANDY!

WHIRLING AT TERRIFIC SPEED, THE MAN OF TOMORROW SENDS THE WATER SURGING INTO THE PIPES WITH HYDRAULIC PRESSURE!

WITH THIS MUCH FORCE BEHIND THEM, THOSE FOUNTAINS IN THE SQUARE WILL MAKE IDEAL FIRE-FIGHTING EQUIPMENT!



AND IN THE TOWN SQUARE, THE FOUNTAINS SPRAY FORTH A VERITABLE DELUGE THAT EXTINGUISHES THE FIRES!

IT'S GOOD I HAVE MY UMBRELLA WITH ME OR I'D BE DRENCHED!

IT'S BETTER THAN HAVING THE TOWN GO UP IN FLAMES! SUPERMAN FIXES EVERYTHING AS USUAL!



OH, SUPERMAN, YOU WERE WONDERFUL! YOU SAVED METROPOLIS!

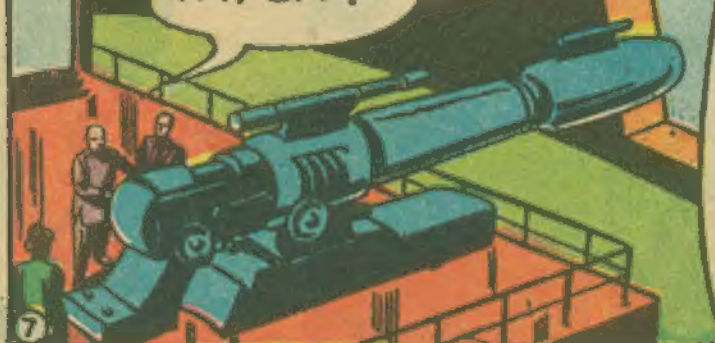
THANK YOU, LOIS! BUT THESE PREDICTIONS OF NOSTRADAMUS ARE GETTING TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

THAT'S FUNNY! THESE CRYSTALS IN THE FIRE! AND THEY HAVE A STRANGE GARLIC ODOR! HMMM...



MEANWHILE, IN A HUGE SCIENCE LABORATORY ON A MOUNTAIN NEARBY, A SCIENTIST GLOATS—NONE OTHER THAN LUTHOR, SUPERMAN'S ARCH-ENEMY!

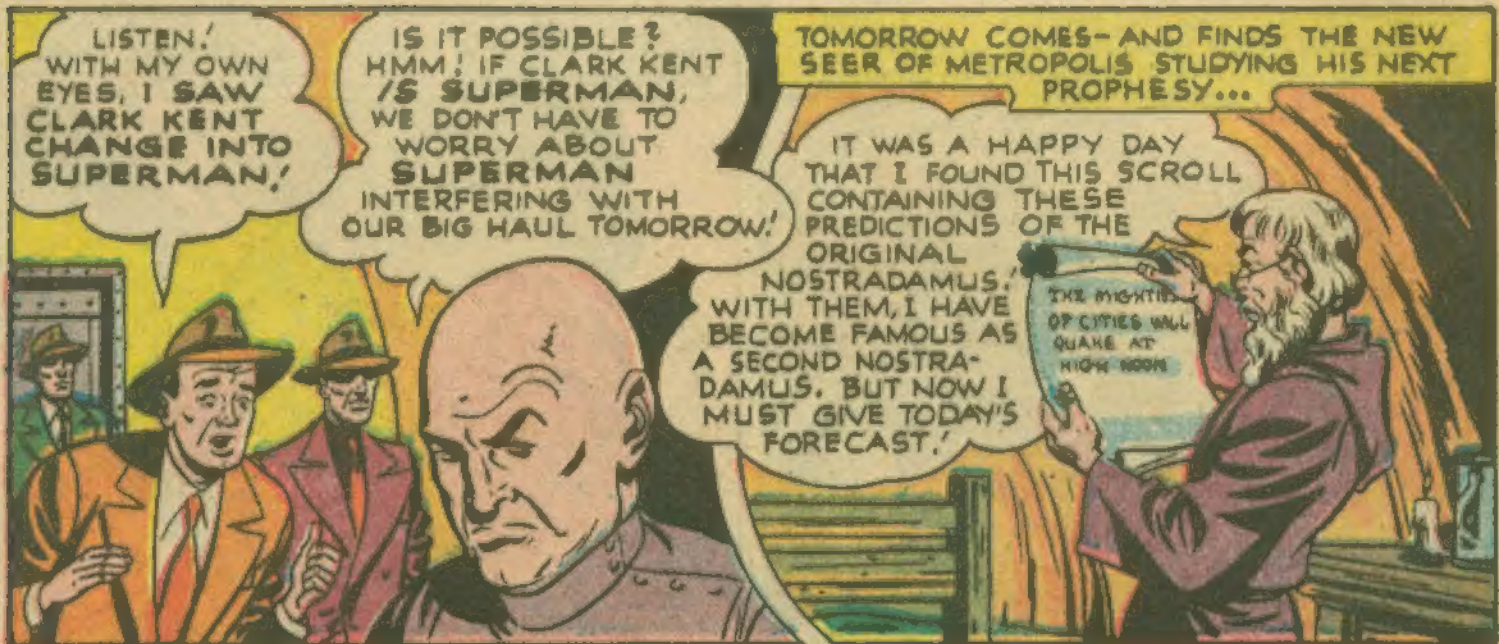
WITH THIS ROCKET-GUN, WE FIRED A "METEOR" INTO METROPOLIS. AND WE TURNED NIGHT INTO DAY BY FIRING A GIANT PHOSPHORUS BOMB! NOW IT'S TIME THOSE PHONEY PREDICTIONS I PLANTED NEAR THE HERMIT'S CAVE REALLY STARTED TO PAY OFF!



THE NEXT PROPHECY ON THE SCROLL IS AN EARTHQUAKE! WHEN THE HERMIT PREDICTS IT, EVERYONE WILL BELIEVE HIM! THEY'LL LEAVE TOWN—AND WE'LL PICK METROPOLIS CLEAN!

LUTHOR! I'VE GOT BIG NEWS FOR YOU!





LISTEN! WITH MY OWN EYES, I SAW CLARK KENT CHANGE INTO SUPERMAN!

IS IT POSSIBLE? HMM! IF CLARK KENT ~~IS~~ SUPERMAN, WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT SUPERMAN INTERFERING WITH OUR BIG HAUL TOMORROW!

TOMORROW COMES—AND FINDS THE NEW SEER OF METROPOLIS STUDYING HIS NEXT PROPHECY...

IT WAS A HAPPY DAY THAT I FOUND THIS SCROLL CONTAINING THESE PREDICTIONS OF THE ORIGINAL NOSTRADAMUS! WITH THEM, I HAVE BECOME FAMOUS AS A SECOND NOSTRADAMUS. BUT NOW I MUST GIVE TODAY'S FORECAST!

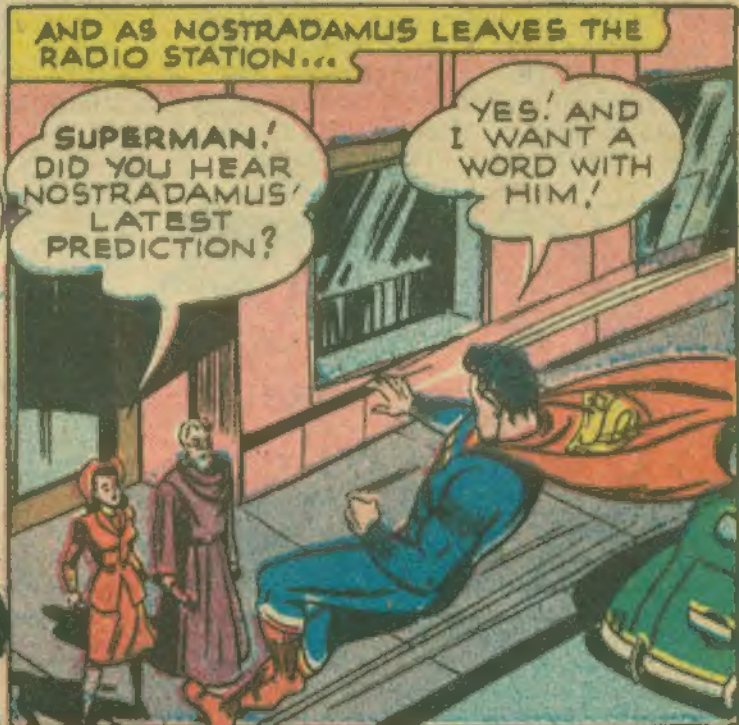
THE MIGHTIEST OF CITIES WILL QUAKE AT HIGH NOON



A LITTLE LATER, THE MODERN NOSTRADAMUS SPEAKS, AND AN ANXIOUS METROPOLIS HANGS ON HIS EVERY WORD...

... I GIVE YOU MY PREDICTION FOR TODAY! LO, THE MIGHTIEST OF CITIES WILL QUAKE AT HIGH NOON!

G-GOSH! THAT'S TERRIBLE! HE MEANS METROPOLIS!



AND AS NOSTRADAMUS LEAVES THE RADIO STATION...

SUPERMAN! DID YOU HEAR NOSTRADAMUS' LATEST PREDICTION?

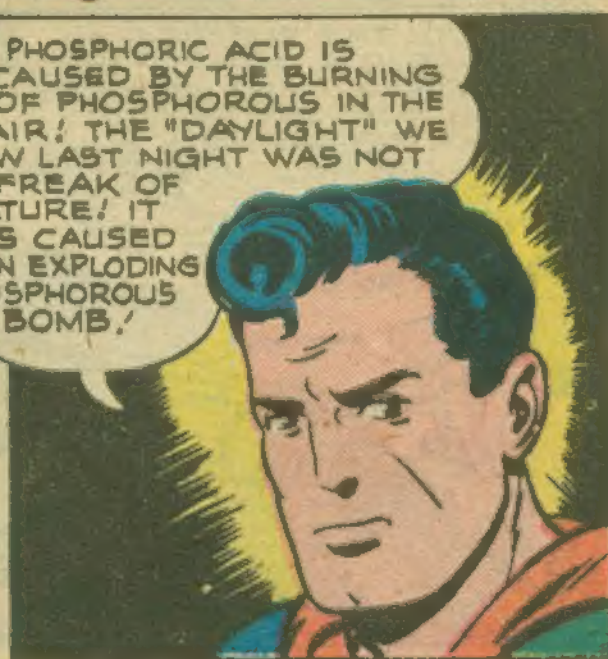
YES! AND I WANT A WORD WITH HIM!



LOOK AT THESE CRYSTALS I FOUND AT THE FIRES LAST NIGHT! THEY GIVE OFF A STRONG GARLIC ODOR—WHICH PROVES THAT THEY ARE PHOSPHORIC ACID!

I—I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SUPERMAN!

PHOSPHORIC ACID IS CAUSED BY THE BURNING OF PHOSPHOROUS IN THE AIR! THE "DAYLIGHT" WE SAW LAST NIGHT WAS NOT A FREAK OF NATURE! IT WAS CAUSED BY AN EXPLODING PHOSPHOROUS BOMB!



AND HERE'S THE FINAL PROOF! THIS PAPER IS **MACHINE** MADE! PAPER-MAKING MACHINES WERE NOT INVENTED UNTIL 1804! THE ORIGINAL NOSTRADAMUS **COULDN'T** HAVE WRITTEN THIS BECAUSE HE **DIED** IN 1566!

THEN THAT MEANS SOMEONE'S BEEN USING OUR FRIEND HERE FOR A DUPE—AND MAKING THOSE PREDICTIONS COME TRUE!

EXACTLY! HE PREDICTED A QUAKE SO THE TOWN COULD BE ROBBED WHEN EVERYONE FLED!

I'VE GOT TO FIND THE MAN WHO TRICKED NOSTRADAMUS! THE EARTHQUAKE IS DUE IN FIVE MINUTES!

A MOMENT LATER...

EVERYONE'S EVACUATING THE CITY! BUT THAT CAR IS HEADING INTO THE CITY! I WONDER WHY?

USING BOTH HIS X-RAY VISION AND SUPER-HEARING, THE MAN OF TOMORROW SOON LEARNS THE ANSWER.

YOU WERE RIGHT, LUTHOR! EVERYONE BELIEVED THE HERMIT'S PREDICTION!

YES! ALL THE TREASURES OF METROPOLIS AWAIT OUR LOOTING! HA HA!

SO MY OLD ENEMY LUTHOR IS BEHIND THIS! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON ABOUT THE FOLLY OF MAKING PREDICTIONS!



DEEP IN THE EARTH, THE MAN OF STEEL STRAINS MIGHTY MUSCLES AGAINST THE ROCK STRATA...

I'LL GIVE LUTHOR THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE BY MAKING HIS PREDICTION COME TRUE! FORTUNATELY, THERE'S NO ONE UP ABOVE BUT LUTHOR AND HIS MEN.

MEANWHILE...

IT'S A LAUGH THE WAY THOSE SAPS ALL LEFT METROPOLIS BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT THERE WAS GONNA BE AN EARTHQUAKE.

HEY! WHAT'S THIS?

CRRRACK!

THEN-WITH ONE GIGANTIC ROAR, THE VERY EARTH SPLITS WIDE OPEN!

AN EARTHQUAKE! HELP!

TH-THAT PHONEY PREDICTION I WROTE ON THE SCROLL C-CAME TRUE! BUT HOW-- HOW??

EEEEEE!

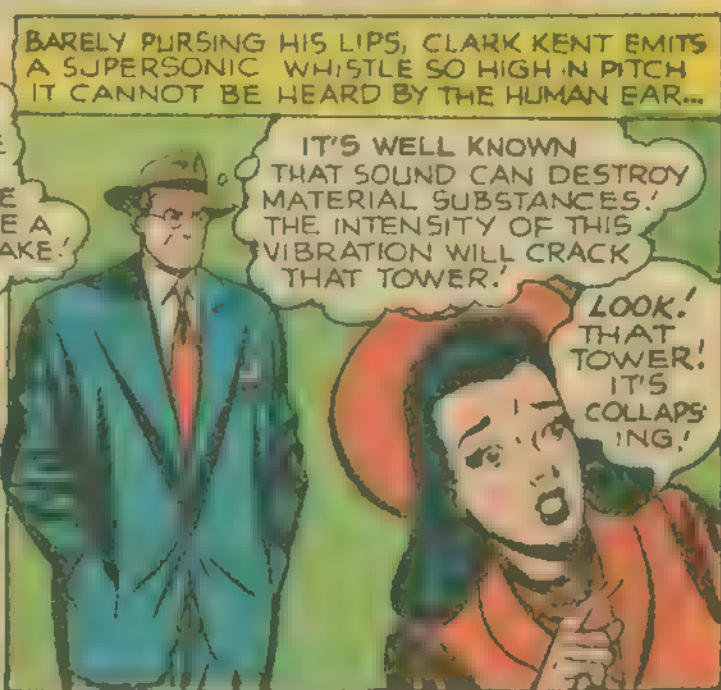
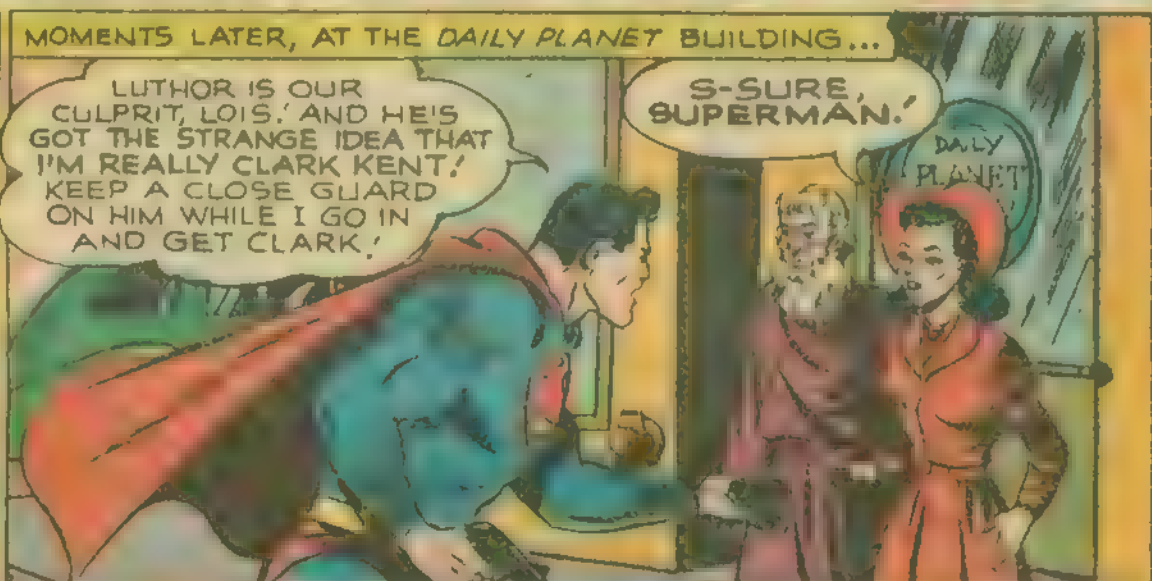
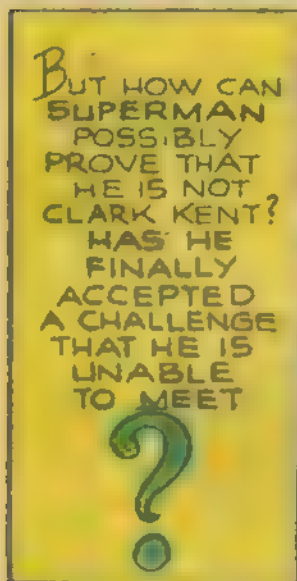
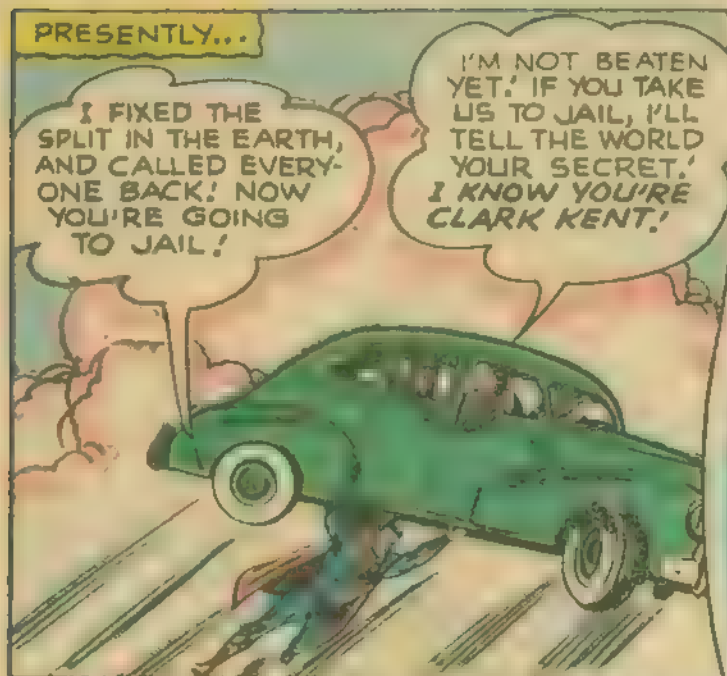
THEY'VE HAD A GOOD SCARE— AND ARE READY FOR JAIL NOW! BUT FIRST— THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO DO.

EXERTING SUPER CONTROL OVER HIS VOCAL CHORDS, SUPERMAN PROJECTS A MESSAGE TO THE FLEEING CITIZENS...

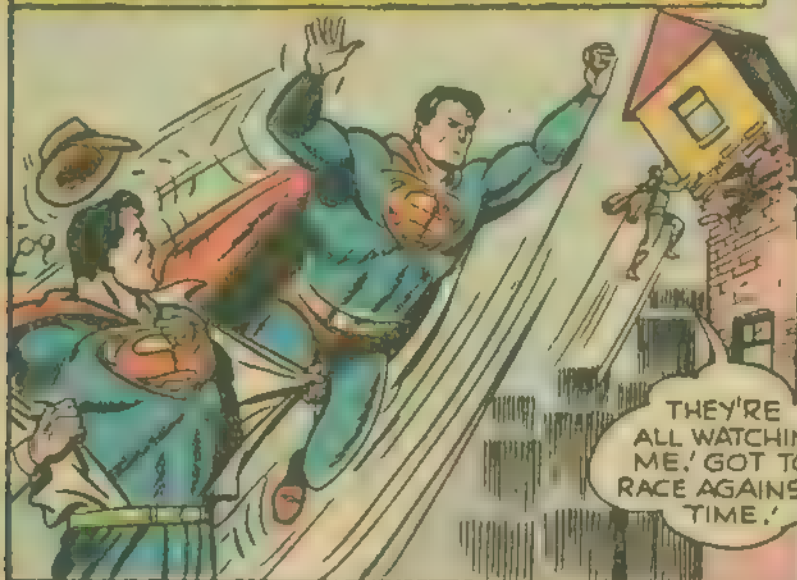


... AND HIS BOOMING VOICE REACHES ACROSS THE MILES AND STOPS THE EVACUEES IN THEIR TRACKS!





WITH EVERYONE'S ATTENTION MOMENTARILY DIVERTED, CLARK CHANGES TO SUPERMAN AND SPEEDS TO THE FALLING TOWER...



THEY'RE ALL WATCHING ME! GOT TO RACE AGAINST TIME!

WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, SUPERMAN FINISHES REPAIRING THE TOWER, AND...

LOOK! SUPERMAN SHOWED UP JUST IN TIME TO SAVE THE TOWER!

YEAH! THAT'S SUPERMAN ALL RIGHT! BUT WHERE'S CLARK KENT?



AND AS THE ONLOOKERS TURN THEIR HEADS TO WHERE CLARK KENT HAD BEEN STANDING—THEY FIND HIM STILL THERE!

WHEW! MADE IT!

CLARK KENT HASN'T BUDGED OFF THE SPOT! AND WE ALL SAW SUPERMAN AT THE TOWER! YOU'RE WRONG, LUTHOR!



LATER...

NOW I'LL MAKE A LITTLE PREDICTION FOR YOU, LUTHOR! YOU'RE GOING TO SPEND THE NEXT 10 YEARS IN PRISON!

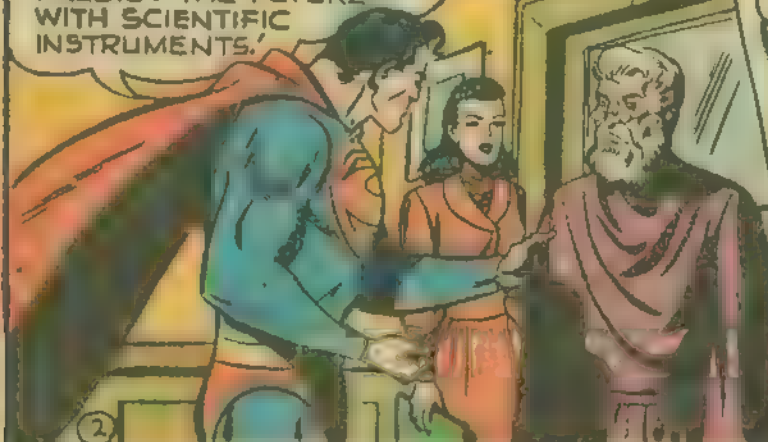
BAH! WHY DID I EVER LISTEN TO YOU? SAYING YOU KNEW WHO SUPERMAN IS! YOU CRACKPOT!



AND STILL LATER...

MR. WHITE HAS A JOB FOR YOU, NOSTRADAMUS—FORECASTING THE WEATHER! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO PREDICT THE FUTURE—WITH SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS!

OH, THANK YOU, SUPERMAN!

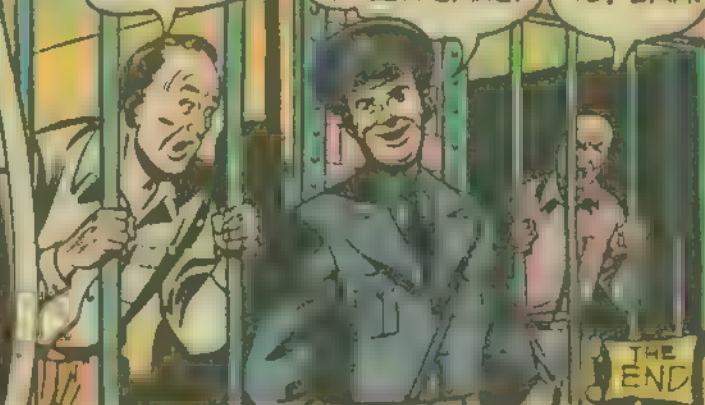


AND AT THE CITY JAIL...

BUT I TELL YOU—I SAW HIM! I KNOW CLARK KENT IS SUPERMAN!

SURE! AND I'M NAPOLEON! TCH! TCH! NUTTY AS A FRUITCAKE!

I'LL SAY HE IS! BAH!



THE END

NOPE! TOO WIDE!

CLICK!

MIZE HAS "PHOTO" EYE AT THE PLATE--SELDOM SWINGS AT A BAD PITCH. LAST SEASON JOHNNY "CLICKED" FOR 51 HOME RUNS--AN ALL-TIME NATIONAL LEAGUE RECORD FOR LEFT-HANDED BATTERS. HIS AMAZING HOME-RUN OUTPUT ALSO GAINED MIZE A TIE FOR LEAGUE HOME RUN TITLE.

Johnny **MIZE**

BALLPARK

MIZE MUST'VE HIT THAT ONE -- HE EATS WHEATIES!

CHAMPION HOME RUN HITTER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS

A REAL FENCE-BUSTER!
JOHNNY DROVE HOME 138 RUNS LAST SEASON TO LEAD ALL NATIONAL LEAGUE HITTERS IN RUNS. BATTED IN. FANCY FIELDER, TOO -- MIZE'S .996 PERCENTAGE WAS TOPS FOR LEAGUE FIRST-BASEMEN.

"**R**EACHING FOR THAT BIG ORANGE AND BLUE WHEATIES PACKAGE AT THE TRAINING TABLE IS ALMOST AUTOMATIC WITH ME," SAYS JOHNNY MIZE, "THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES ARE SWELL-TASTING WITH MILK AND FRUIT. NOURISHING, TOO."

DO WHEATIES
**BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS**
WITH MILK AND FRUIT



W. SPADR ON
THE M. THE SET

DETECTIVE SAM SPADR AND HIS SECRETARY EFFR
VISIT A MOVIE SET JUST AS A WESTERN SHOOTING
SCNR IS TAKING PLACE

Dorothy Marnette
**Adventures of
SAM SPADR**

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spadr"
every Sunday evening on you Columbia CBS
station See radio listing in your local newspaper

HOW D YOU
KE THAT
MR SPADR?

GEE, SAM-THSR ACTORS
LOOK HANDSOME! BET THEY
USE WILDRROT CREAM-OIL
HAIR TONIC

HEY GUS!
COME HERE

SWELL
GUS! YOU'RE
A GREAT
DIRECTOR!



THIS
MAN'S BEEN
SHOT

SAM--
LOOK
OUT!

BUT THEY
USE BLANKS IN
THEIR GUNS

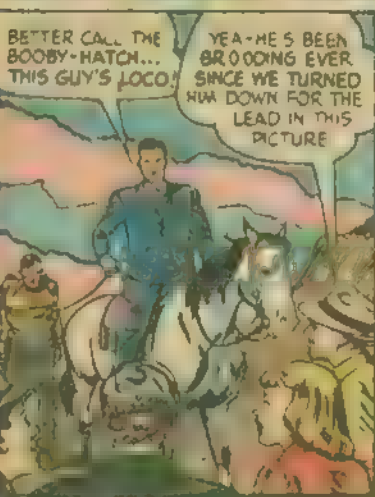


IT'S WLD BILL
DE KER HE'S
GONE MAD

LET ME ON THAT HORSE,
COMBOY--THAT GUY'S SHOOTING
REAL BULLETS!



LUCKY I LEARNED TO ROPE
AT THAT DUDE RANCH LAST
SUMMER!



BETTER CALL THE
BOOBY-HATCH...
THIS GUY'S LOCO!

YEA-HE'S BEEN
BROODING EVER
SINCE WE TURNED
HIM DOWN FOR THE
LEAD IN THIS
PICTURE



I WAS AFRAID
YOU'D USE
YOUR GUN
ON THAT
POOR
FELLOW
SAM

YOU MEAN THIS
BULGE IN MY COAT?
THAT'S NO GUN
SWEETHEART--
THAT'S MY BOTTLE OF
WILDRROT CREAM OIL



SAM SPADR ASKS
CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE

EFFIE SAYS

"TRY IT. SCRATCH YOUR HEAD IF
YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS AND
LOOSE UGLY DANDRUFF YOU NEED
WILDRROT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC
NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS SOOTH-
ING LANOLIN

SMART GIRLS USE WILDRROT CREAM
OIL TOO! FOR QUICK GROOMING AND
FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS BETWEEN
PERMANENTS YOU CAN'T BEAT WILDR
ROT CREAM OIL AND MOTHERS
FIND IT'S WONDERFUL FOR TRAIN-
ING CHILDREN'S HAIR



CONGO BILL

WHEN A BEAST TURNS AROUND AND HUNTS MAN... THAT'S NEWS, DANGEROUS NEWS! BUT WHEN THE DESTINED VICTIM IS CONGO BILL, LIGHTNING-SWIFT THOUGHT AND SPLIT-SECOND ACTION OF HAND AGAINST PAW DETERMINES WHO TAKES THE COUNT IN THIS BATTLE TO THE DEATH OF...

MAN AGAINST MANHUNTER!



A HUNTING LEOPARD IN TRAINING... FIERCE CLAWS SLASH AT HELPLESS PREY...

A PERFECT LEAP.



CRACK!

BUT IT'S ONLY A DUMMY AFTER ALL... DON'T TEAR IT APART.





LATER... A CLIENT!

MY NAME IS HUNTER... I'D LIKE TO HIRE A LEOPARD... ONE THAT WON'T BE AFRAID OF DANGEROUS PREY!

I'VE GOT JUST THE ANIMAL FOR YOU... MISTER! BWANA WILL COST YOU FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!



FIVE HUNDRED... THE PRICE IS STEEP... BUT IT'LL BE WORTH IT IF MY PLAN WORKS.



THERE'S THE MAN YOU'RE TO HUNT... CONGO BILL! GO GET HIM, BWANA!



YES, IT LOOKS LIKE GOOD-BYE CONGO BILL! ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO... AND I'LL ATTEND TO THAT WHEN HE COMES TO MY STORE THIS AFTERNOON!



PRESENTLY...

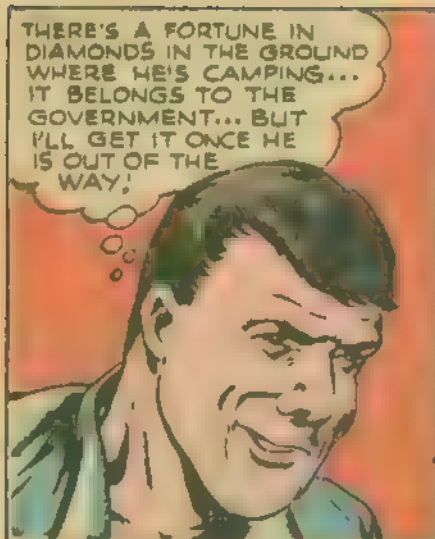
HIYA, BILL... I'VE GOT YOUR PACKAGE OF SHELLS ALL READY FOR YOU!

SWELL, I'M IN A HURRY TO GET BACK TO THE JUNGLE!

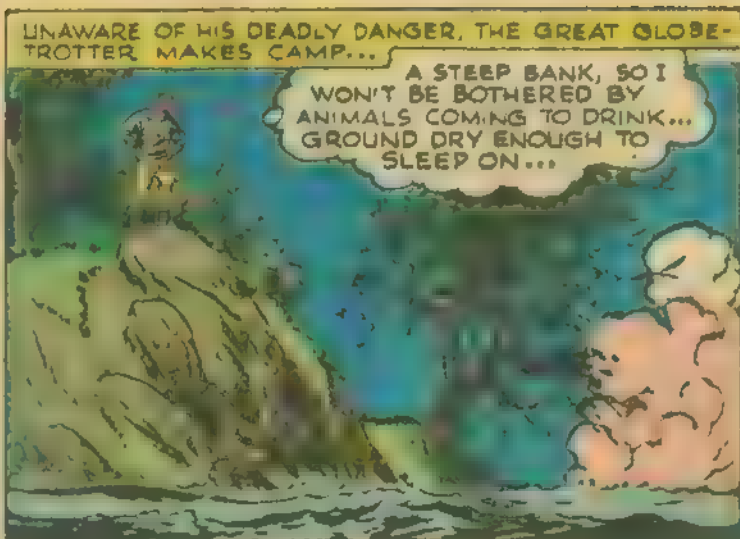


HA, HA... WAIT TILL MY LEOPARD COMES AFTER HIM... AND HE FINDS OUT THOSE SHELLS I SOLD HIM ARE **BLANKS**! AND HE HAS NO OTHERS.





THERE'S A FORTUNE IN DIAMONDS IN THE GROUND WHERE HE'S CAMPING... IT BELONGS TO THE GOVERNMENT... BUT I'LL GET IT ONCE HE IS OUT OF THE WAY!

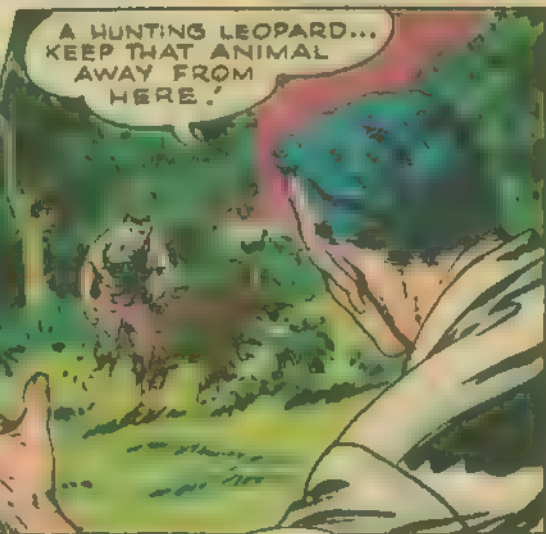


UNAWARE OF HIS DEADLY DANGER, THE GREAT GLOBE-TROTTER MAKES CAMP...

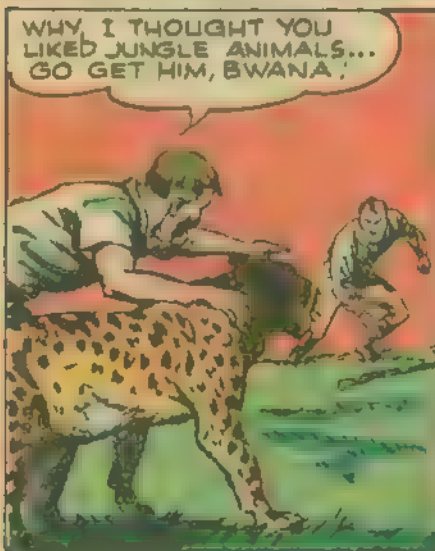
A STEEP BANK, SO I WON'T BE BOTHERED BY ANIMALS COMING TO DRINK... GROUND DRY ENOUGH TO SLEEP ON...



HUH... WHAT FRIGHTENED THOSE MONKEYS?



A HUNTING LEOPARD... KEEP THAT ANIMAL AWAY FROM HERE.

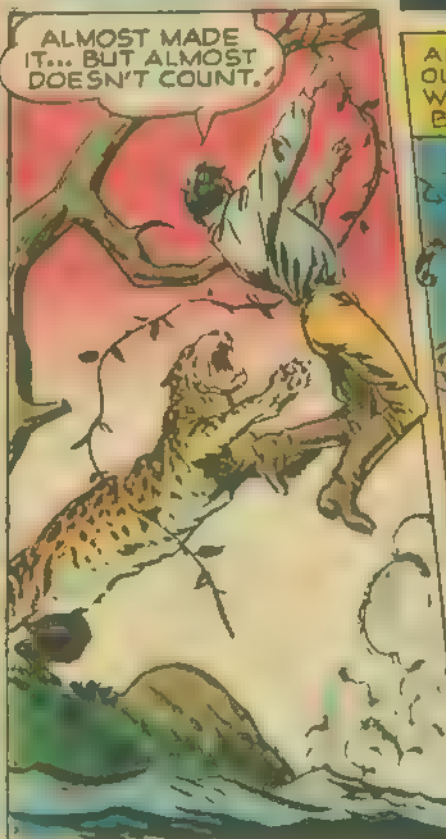
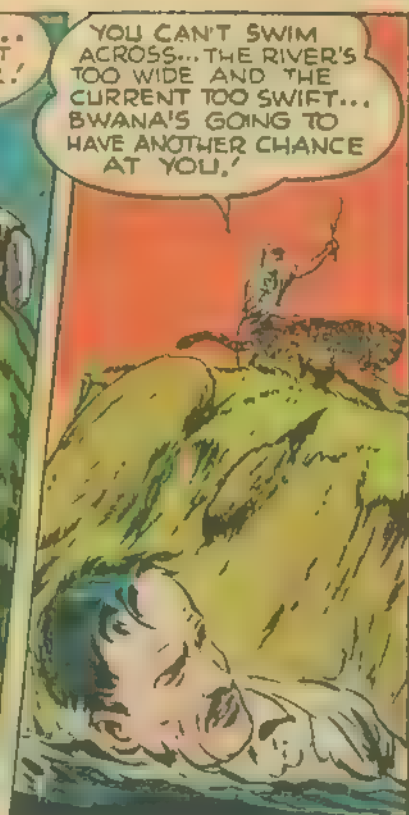


WHY I THOUGHT YOU LIKED JUNGLE ANIMALS... GO GET HIM, BWANA!



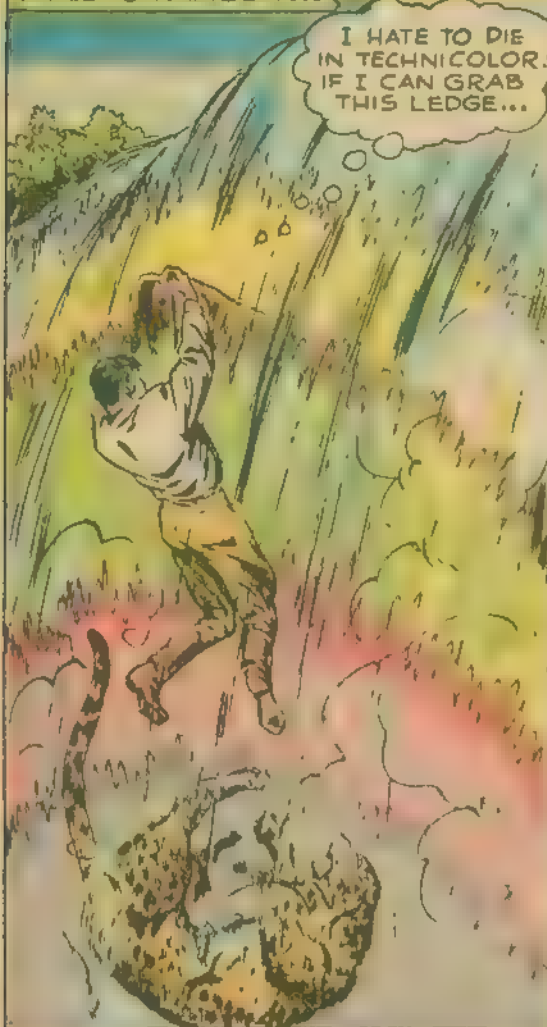
I FORGOT TO TELL YOU, BILL... THOSE SHELLS I SOLD YOU WERE BLANKS!

CLICK!



FINE MIST SCATTERS THE SUN'S LIGHT IN A DAZZLING RAINBOW...

I HATE TO DIE IN TECHNICOLOR! IF I CAN GRAB THIS LEDGE...

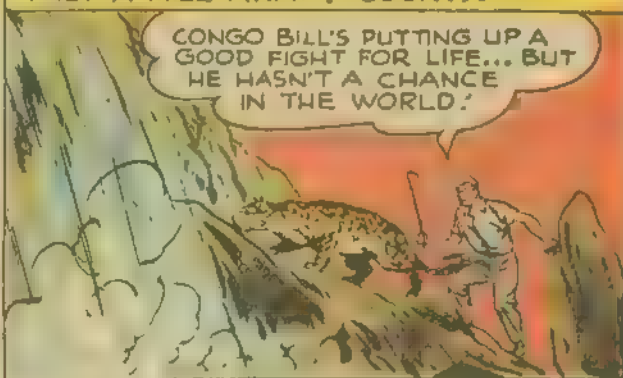


MADE IT... AND THAT BIG CAT HIT BOTTOM! I'VE GOT JUST A FEW MINUTES TO LOOK FOR A HIDING PLACE.

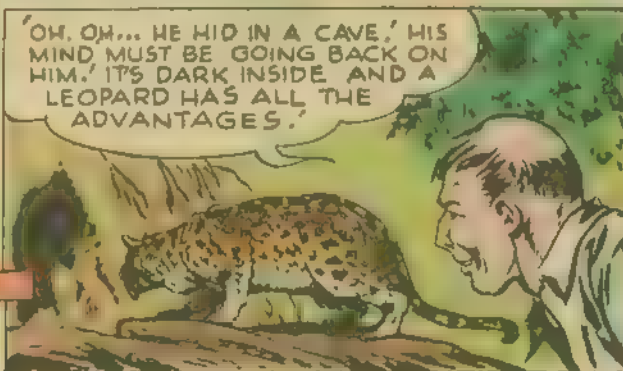


HIDE... FROM A BEAST THAT CAN SCENT ITS PREY A MILE AWAY? SOON...

CONGO BILL'S PUTTING UP A GOOD FIGHT FOR LIFE... BUT HE HASN'T A CHANCE IN THE WORLD!



'OH, OH... HE HID IN A CAVE,' HIS MIND MUST BE GOING BACK ON HIM! IT'S DARK INSIDE AND A LEOPARD HAS ALL THE ADVANTAGES.



IT WOULD SEEM THAT WAY! INSIDE...

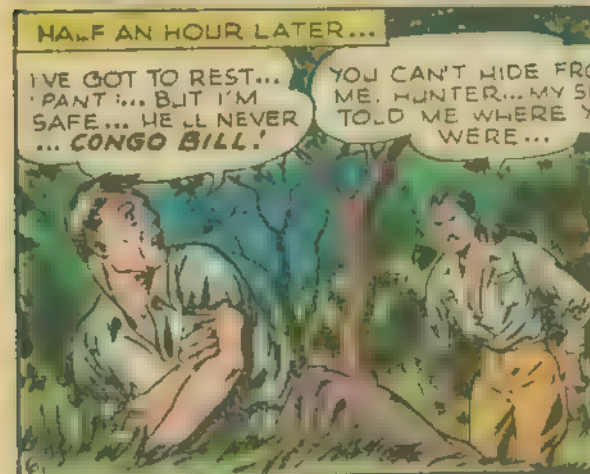
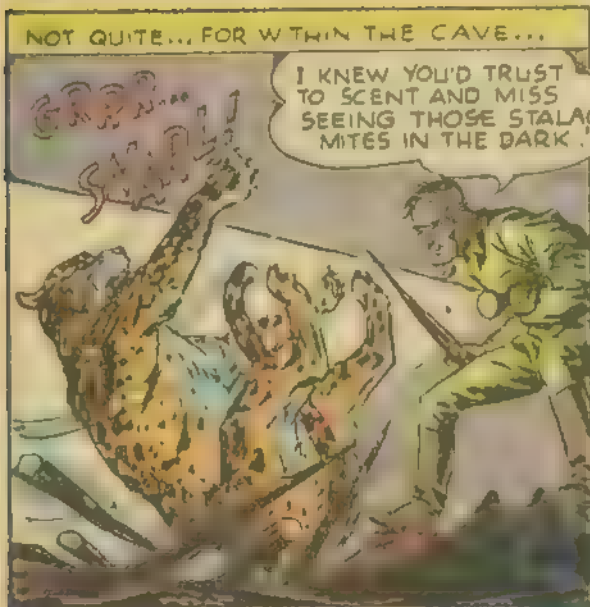
THIS IS AS FAR AS I CAN GO... AND THE LEOPARD IS SURE TO LOCATE ME BY SCENT BEFORE I CAN SEE HIM! I'D BETTER WORK FAST!



SECONDS LATER...

HE'S CAUGHT BILL... THOSE DIAMONDS ARE MINE!

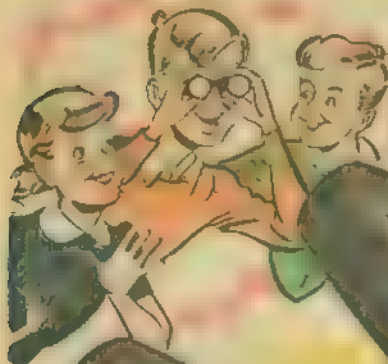




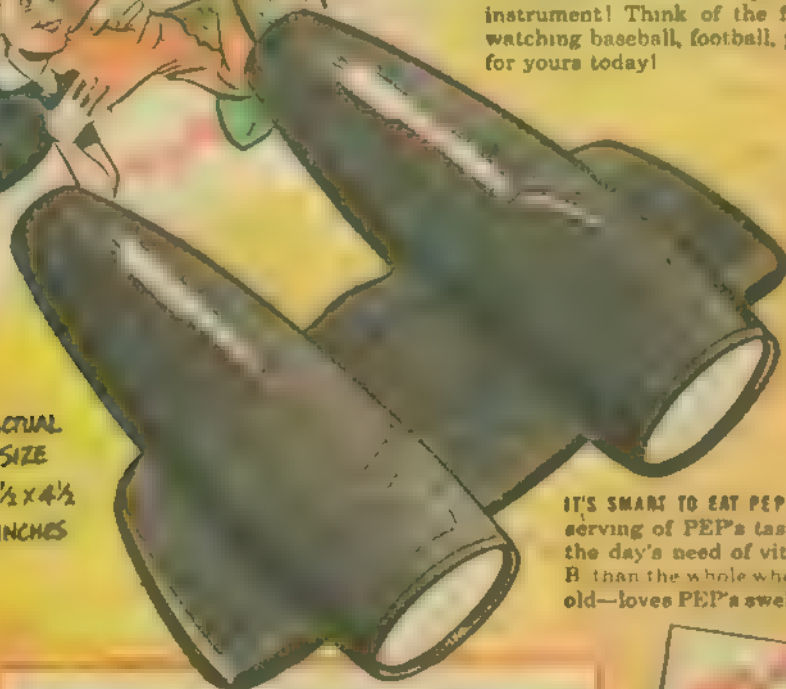
Boys! Girls! Everyone! Amazing New "P-82"

Not just a toy! Precision-molded! 3-Power lenses!

HEY, KIDS! Get this pair of real 3-power field glasses shaped like the famous U. S. Air Force "Twin Mustang" Fighter—the "P-82"! NOT JUST A TOY! Precision-molded optical instrument! Think of the fun you can have with them—watching baseball, football, planes, birds, etc.! Hurry, send for yours today!



ACTUAL
SIZE
3½ x 4½
INCHES



with one box top from

IT'S SMART TO EAT PEP! Did you know a single 1-oz. serving of PEP's tasty whole-wheat flakes supplies the day's need of vitamin D . . . plus more vitamin B than the whole wheat itself! Everyone—young and old—loves PEP's swell flavor, too! Get hep! Eat PEP!

SEE HOW 3-POWER LENSES
BRING THINGS THREE TIMES CLOSER!



Upper left, "P-82" fighter plane seen with the naked eye.
Above, same plane seen with PEP's "P-82" BINOCULARS!



my "P-82" BINOCULARS! I enclose one Kellogg's PEP box top (end marked "top") and 25¢ for each pair of binoculars.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Mail this coupon to KELLOGG's, Box 1001, New York 8, N. Y.

This offer limited to residents of the United States

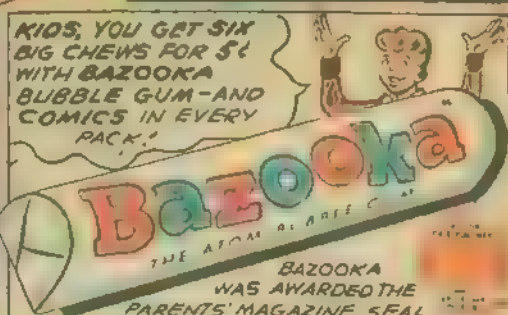
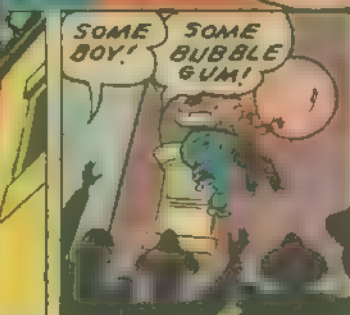
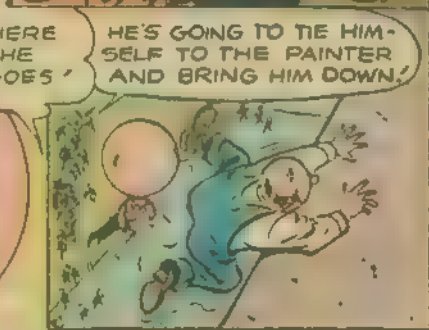
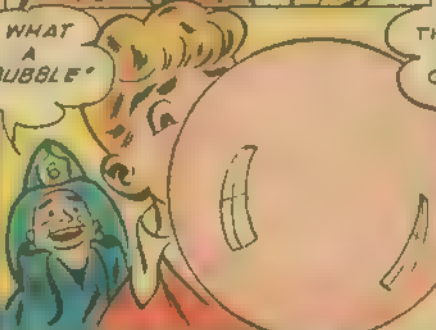
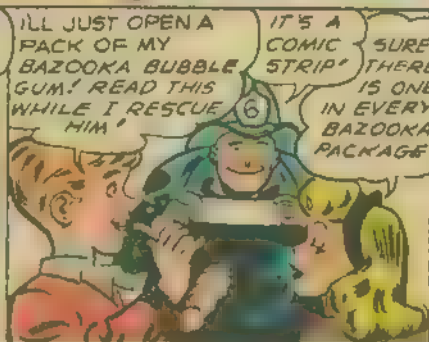
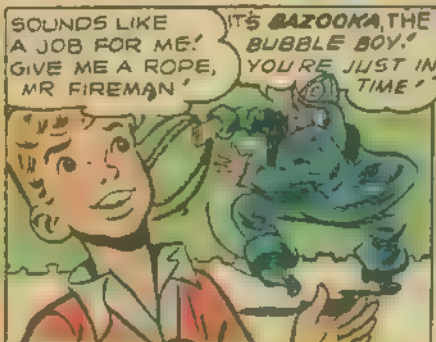
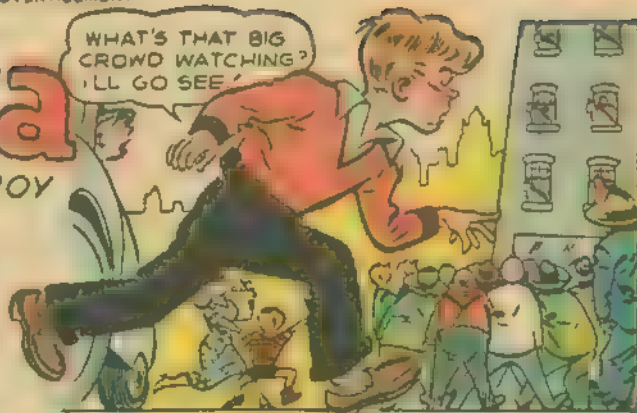
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Bazooka

THE ATOM

BUBBLE BOY



ARMY
NAVY
MORE DANCE
CHICAGO
HARVARD

COLLEGE BANNERS - ONLY 10¢

WITH A BAZOOKA WRAPPER

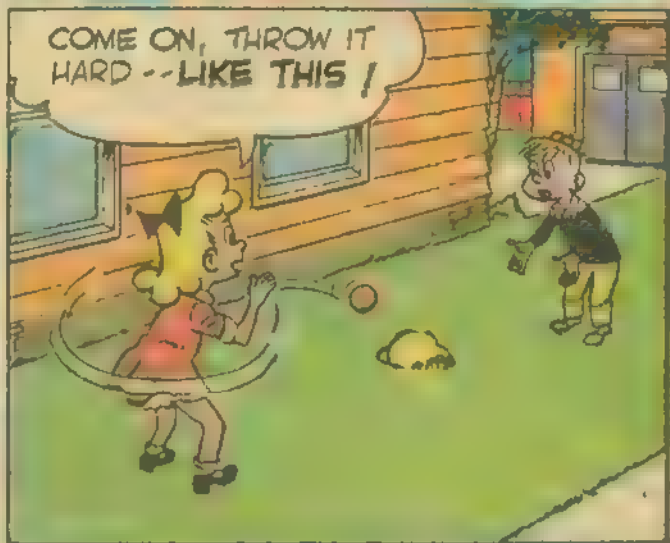
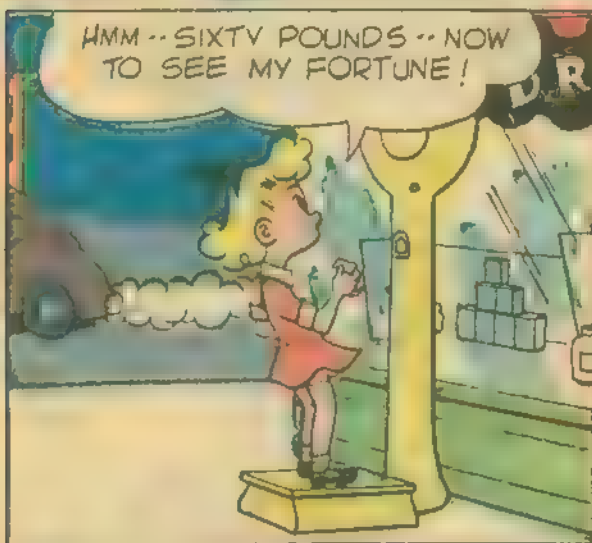
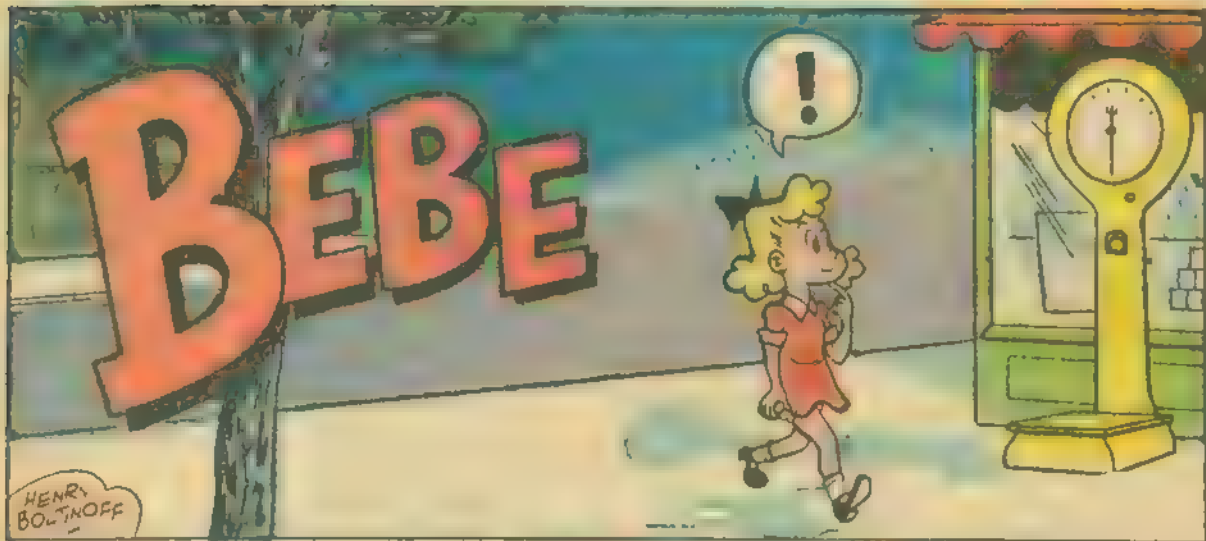
1600 COLLEGES TO CHOOSE FROM!
HERE ARE JUST A FEW!

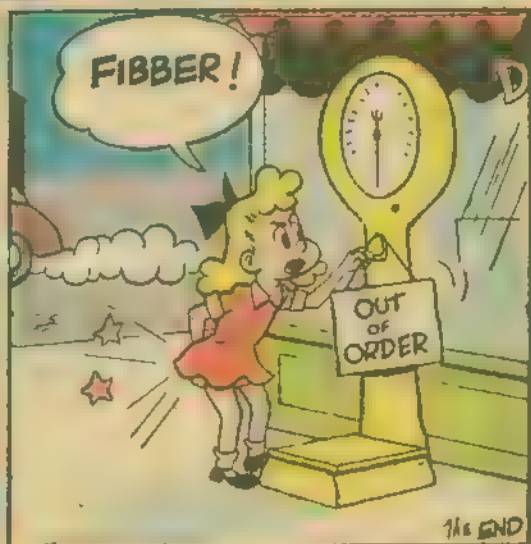
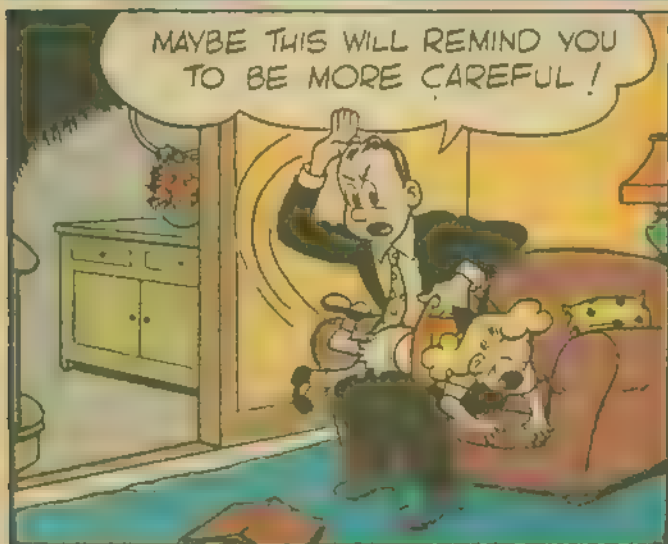
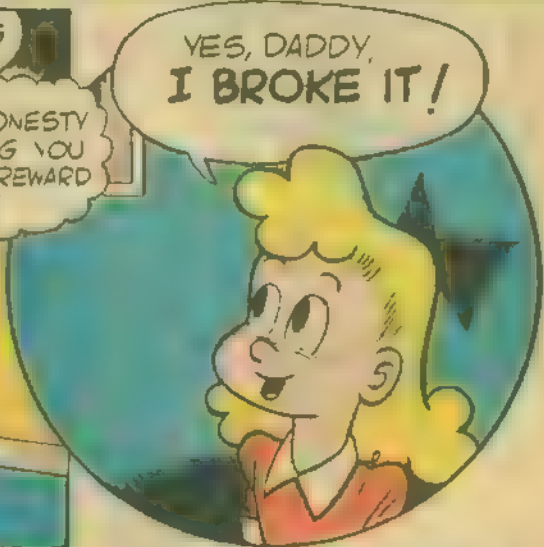
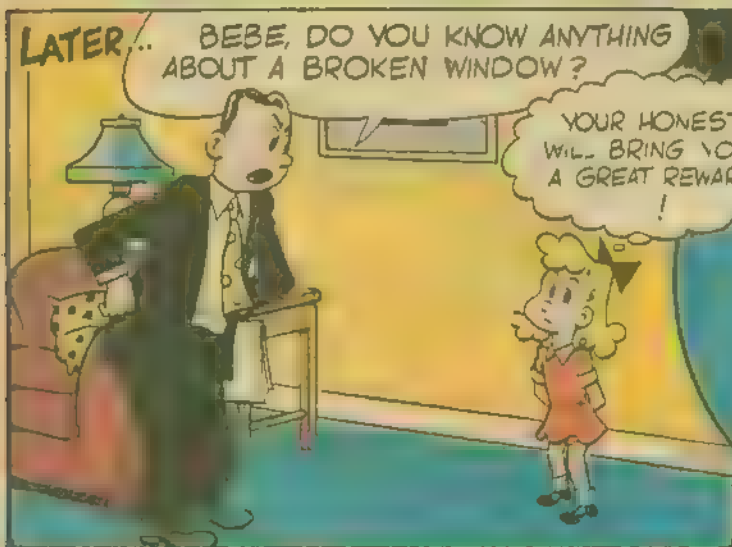
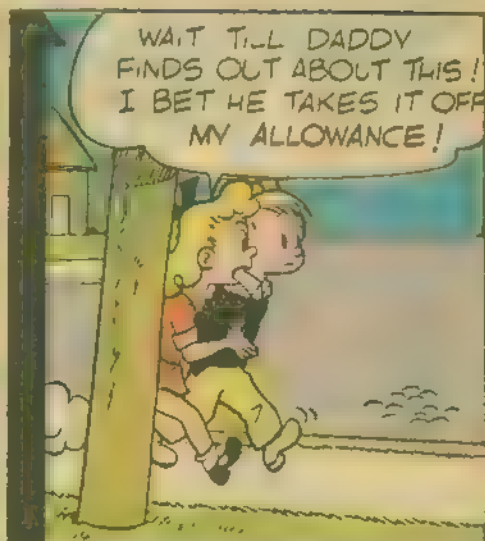
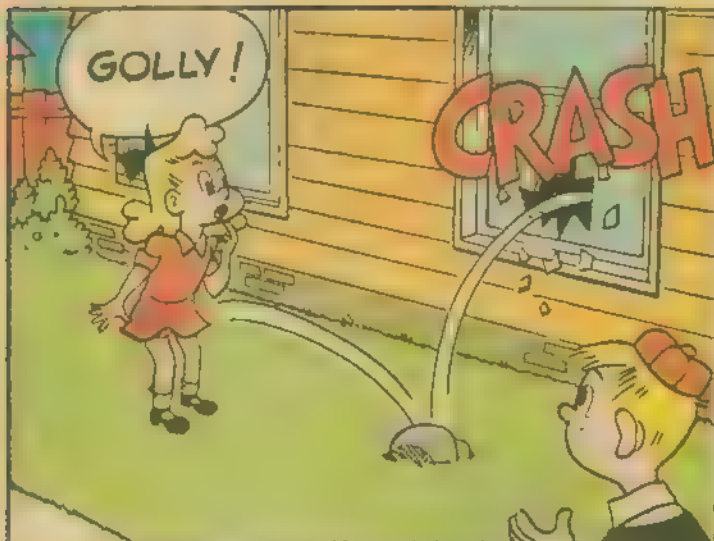
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Ohio	Syracuse
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Yale	Rice
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Northwestern	Columbia
Georgia Tech	Cornell

GET AS MANY AS YOU WANT! SEND A BAZOOKA WRAPPER AND A DIME FOR EACH BANNER.

PUT 'EM ON YOUR WALL!
FLY 'EM FROM YOUR BIKE HANDLE!

Send name and address and name of college banner you want. Enclose a Bazooka wrapper and 10¢ (additional wrapper and dime for each additional banner). You'll receive your beautiful 5 x 15" felt banner in the college colors with official insignia. Write to: BAZOOKA Box No. 20 Madison Square Station, New York 10 N.Y.





ADVERTISEMENT



YOU'RE ALWAYS

Sitting Pretty

ON A

SCHWINN-BUILT BICYCLE

**AMERICA'S
FINEST
BICYCLE**



You'll look like a champ-

AND RIDE LIKE A CHAMP

**ON THE BICYCLE PREFERRED MORE THAN
4 TO 1 OVER ANY OTHER MAKE!**

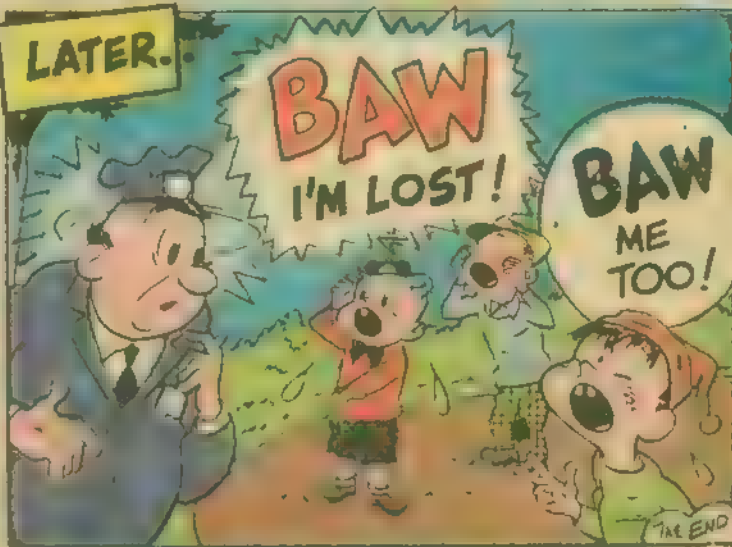
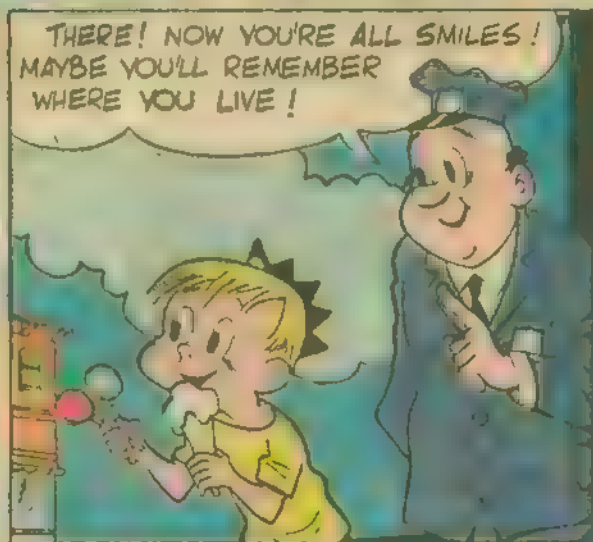
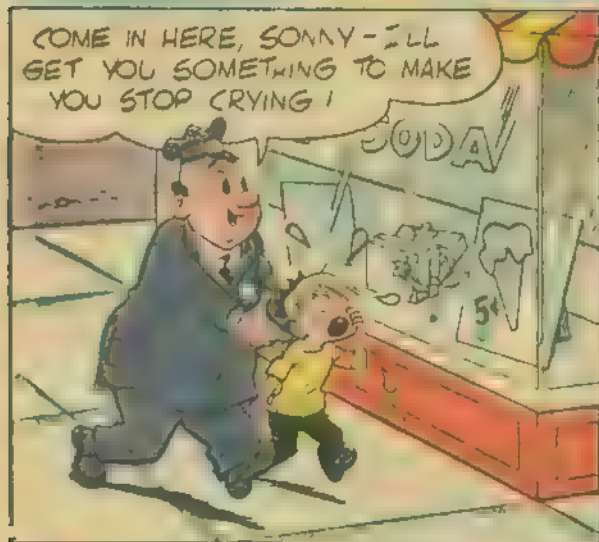
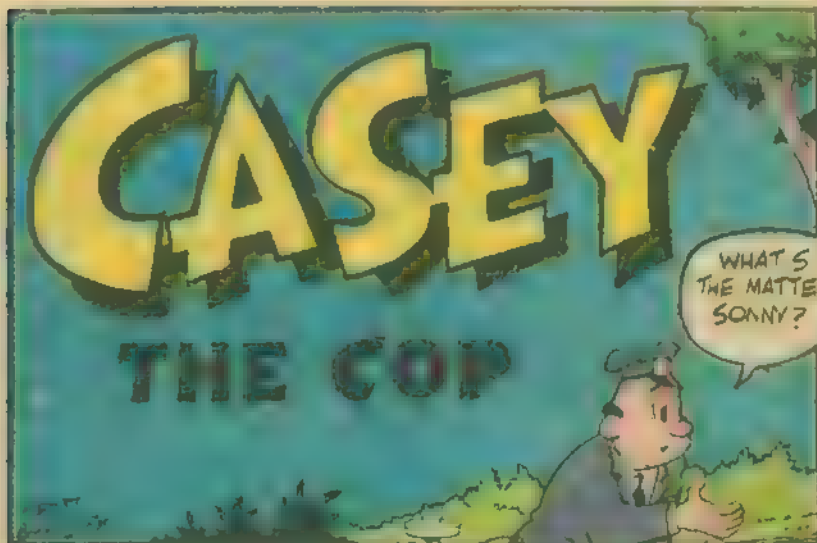
Smooth streamlining, baked-on enamel finish and sparkling chrome trim make every owner of a Schwinn tops in getting attention. . . . Only a Schwinn-Built Bicycle has the exclusive features needed for better riding . . . Knee-Action Spring Fork . . . Automobile Type Expander Brakes . . . streamlined Fenderlight . . . built-in kickstand . . . and the thief-proof Schwinn Cycelock. Try a Schwinn. From the first moment you push the pedal and glide away, you'll know you're "Sitting Pretty."

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IT'S YOUR
PROOF OF QUALITY



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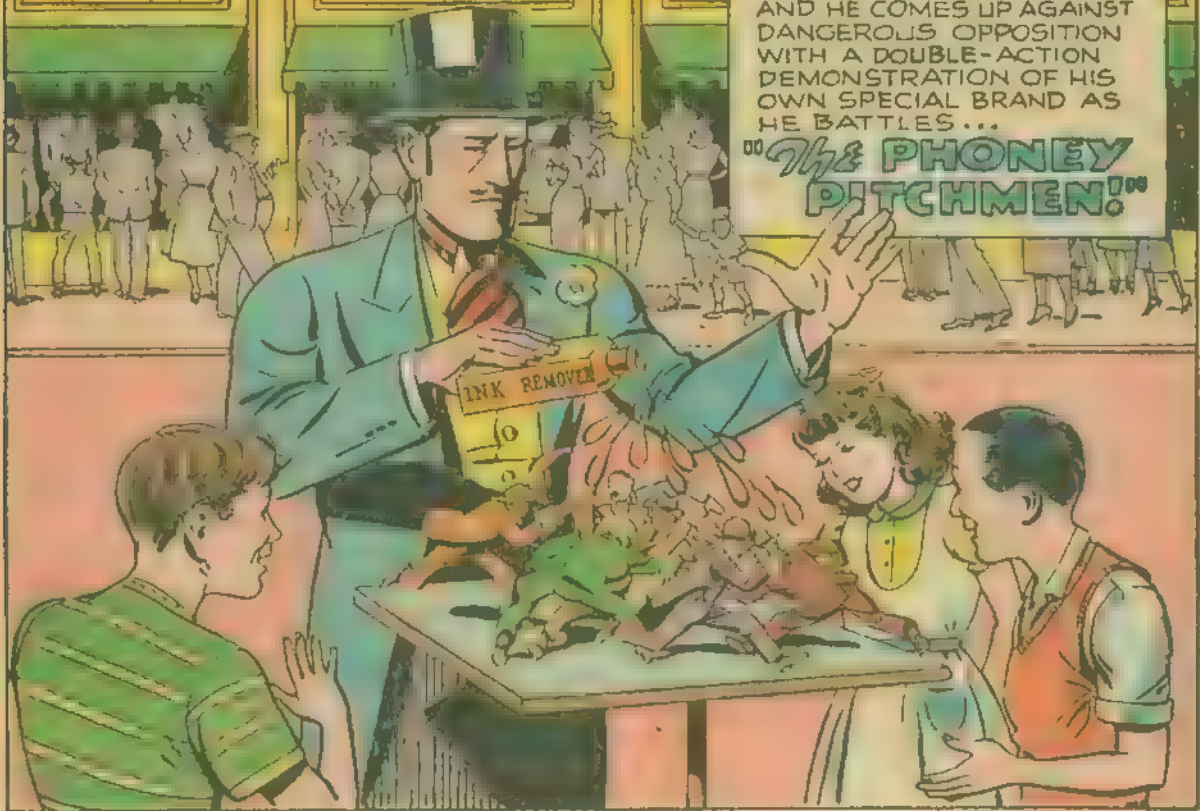


ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

YOU CAN BUY A MIRACLE-WORKER FOR A QUARTER—ACCORDING TO THE SMOOTH SPIEL OF A SLICK PITCHMAN! BUT WHEN GUARANTEED GADGETS GO HAYWIRE... IT TAKES ZATARA, MAESTRO OF MAGIC, TO PERFORM REAL WONDERS! AND HE COMES UP AGAINST DANGEROUS OPPOSITION WITH A DOUBLE-ACTION DEMONSTRATION OF HIS OWN SPECIAL BRAND AS HE BATTLES...

“**THE PHONEY PITCHMEN!**”



PAUL PHILLIPS FINDS MAGIC ON A STREET CORNER...

YESSIR, FOLKS, TH'S MARVELOUS INK STAIN REMOVER WORKS MIRACLES! YOU WON'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES!



WATCH, FOLKS, HOW I POUR BLACK INK ON THIS BEAUTIFULL LINEN HANDKERCHIEF...

GOSH, THAT HANDKERCHIEF IS RUINED!





NO, SONNY, IT IS NOT RUINED! MARVERAD REMOVES ANY STAIN. NO MATTER HOW DIFFICULT. NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.



AND THE PRICE? A MERE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, ONE-FOURTH OF A DOLLAR!

I'LL TAKE ONE! WON'T MOM BE SURPRISED WHEN I SHOW HER WHAT IT CAN DO!



AT HOME, PAUL REPEATS THE DEMONSTRATION HE HAS JUST SEEN...

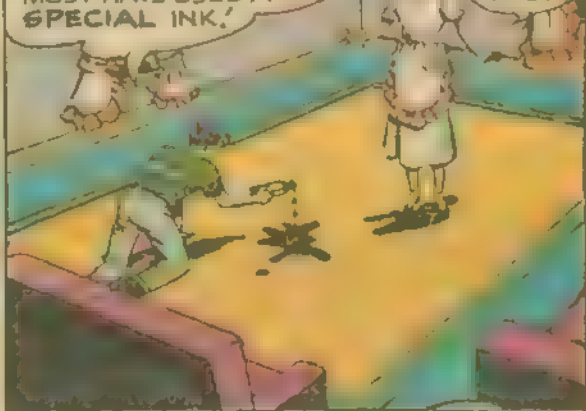
LOOK, MOM! FIRST, I POUR INK ON THE RUG, AND THEN...

PAUL, STOP! THAT RUG COST A HUNDRED DOLLARS!



DON'T WORRY, MOM! NOW I USE MARVERAD ... HUH, THE STAIN IS SPREADING! THAT MAN MUST HAVE USED A SPECIAL INK!

IT'S EATING THE RUG AWAY, TOO! AND WE CAN'T AFFORD ANOTHER ONE!



I SPENT TOMORROW'S LUNCH MONEY! I THOUGHT I'D HELP YOU!

I KNOW YOUR INTENTIONS WERE GOOD, PAUL, BUT YOU'VE RUINED THE RUG ANYWAY!



MEANWHILE, NEAR ANOTHER CORNER... ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION! BUT THE PITCHMAN DOES NOT REALIZE THAT HIS AUDIENCE INCLUDES ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN!

FOLKS, STRENGTHONE PEPS UP TIRED MUSCLES, MAKES YOU STRONG AND VIGOROUS! MY FRIEND, HERE, WAS WEAK AND PUNY BEFORE TAKING IT...





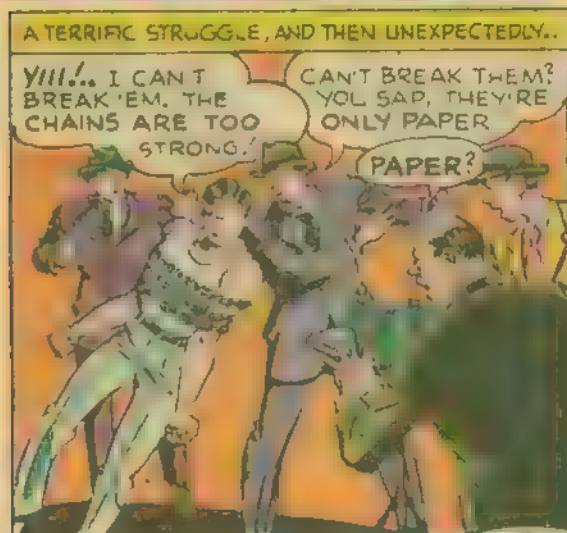
NOW HE CAN SHATTER
'IRON CHAINS.' LOOK.

UHM, THOSE CHAINS ARE
NOTHING BUT PAPER COVERED
WITH METAL PAINT! BUT
I'LL FIX THAT!



SNIAHC, EMOCEB LAER LEETS!*

*READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.



A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE, AND THEN UNEXPECTEDLY..

YIII!! I CAN'T
BREAK 'EM. THE
CHAINS ARE TOO
STRONG!

CAN'T BREAK THEM?
YOL SAD, THEY'RE
ONLY PAPER

PAPER?



YOL PHONIES. CROOKS

NOW TO PRODUCE A
REAL STRONG MAN!
THERE'S A BABY
DOWN THE STREET...
YBAB, EB
GNORTS!



I'VE GOT YOU-
YOU CAN'T RUN
'WAY!

HELP!

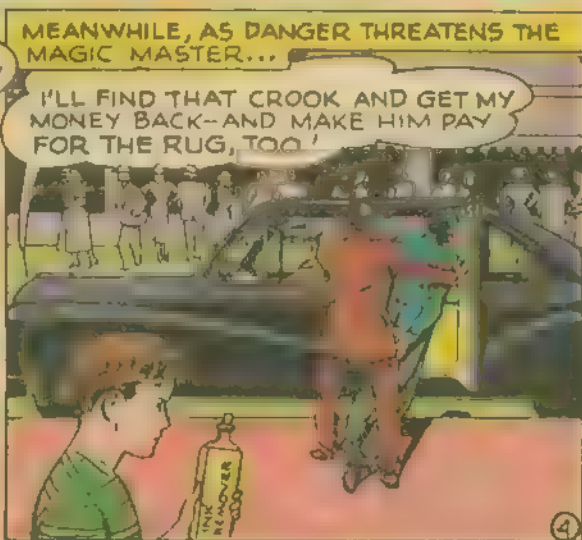
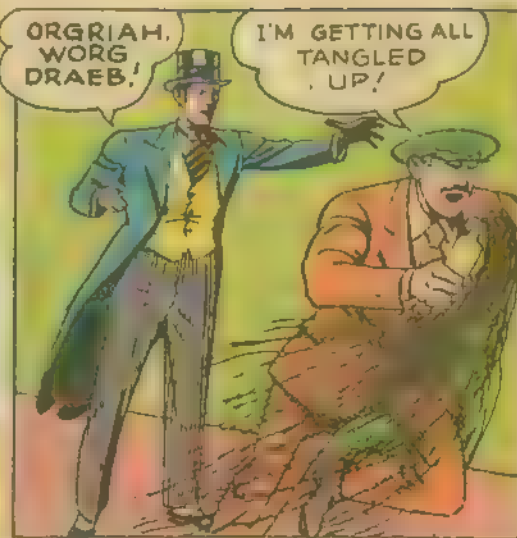
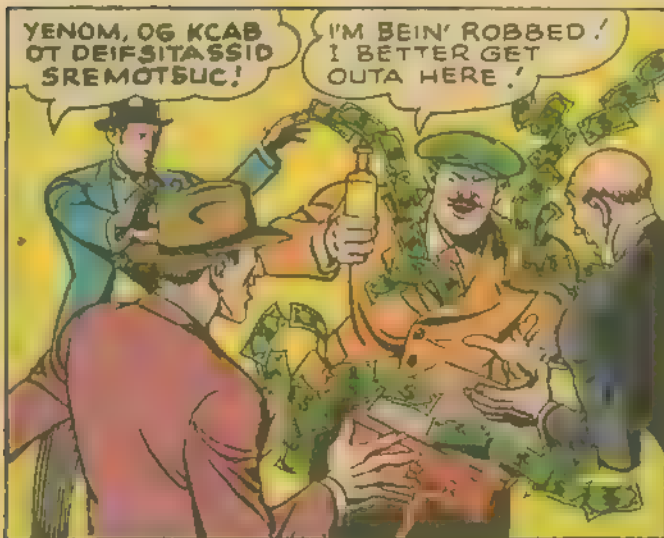
LET
ME GO!

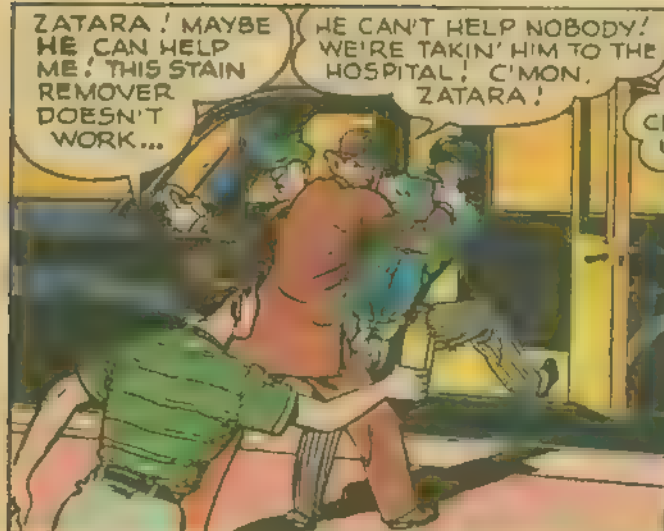


HERE'S
ANOTHER
FRAUD!

GENTS, IF YOU'RE LOSING
YOUR HAIR... HAIRGRO
WILL SAVE YOU!
GUARANTEED, OR
YOUR MONEY BACK!

HAIRGRO







THANKS FOR HELPING ME, SON! PERHAPS LATER I'LL RETURN THE FAVOR!

I WISH YOU'D CATCH THE CROOK WHO SOLD ME THAT BOTTLE!



GENUWINE SILVER FOX! YOU'RE GETTIN' A BARGAIN, GENTS!

SILVER FOX, IS IT? RUF, NRUTER OT LANIGIRO SLAMINA!



THANKS, ZATARA! IMAGINE CALLING ME A SILVER FOX!

YIII! THEY'VE GOT NINE LIVES!



ON TO THE NEXT FAKER!

JUST LISTEN TO THIS MPORTED SWISS MOVEMENT WATCH TCK.

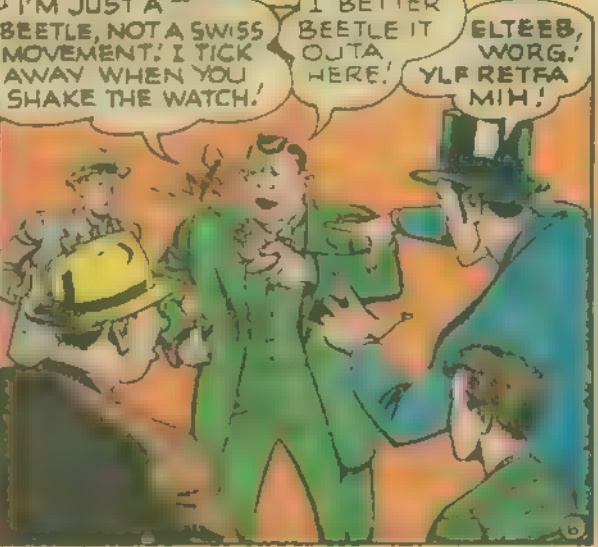
TCK TCK!



A WORD OF COMMAND FROM THE WORKER OF WONDERS...

LET ME OUT OF HERE! I NEED AIR!

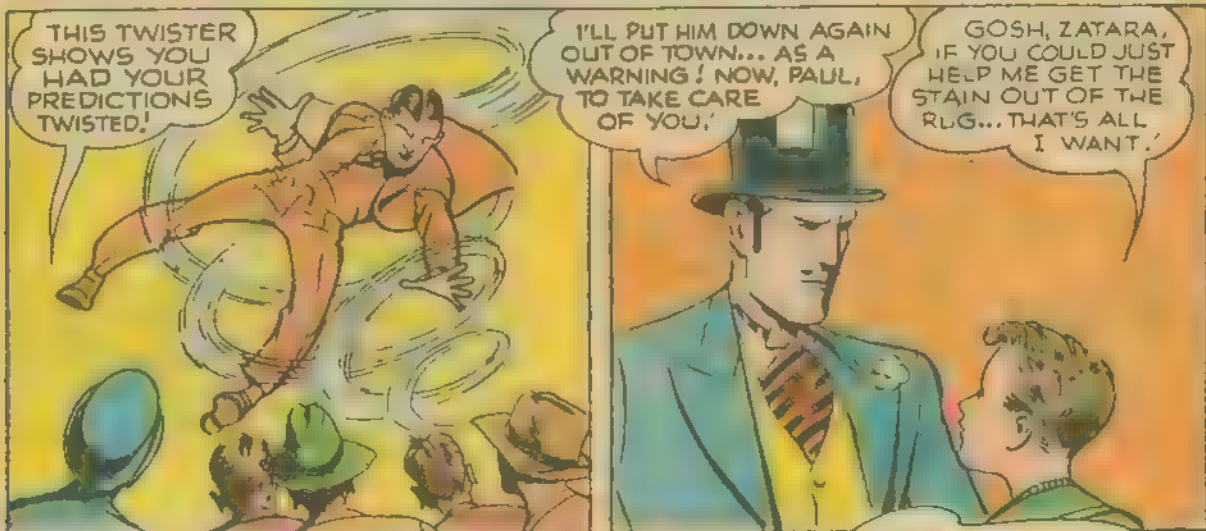
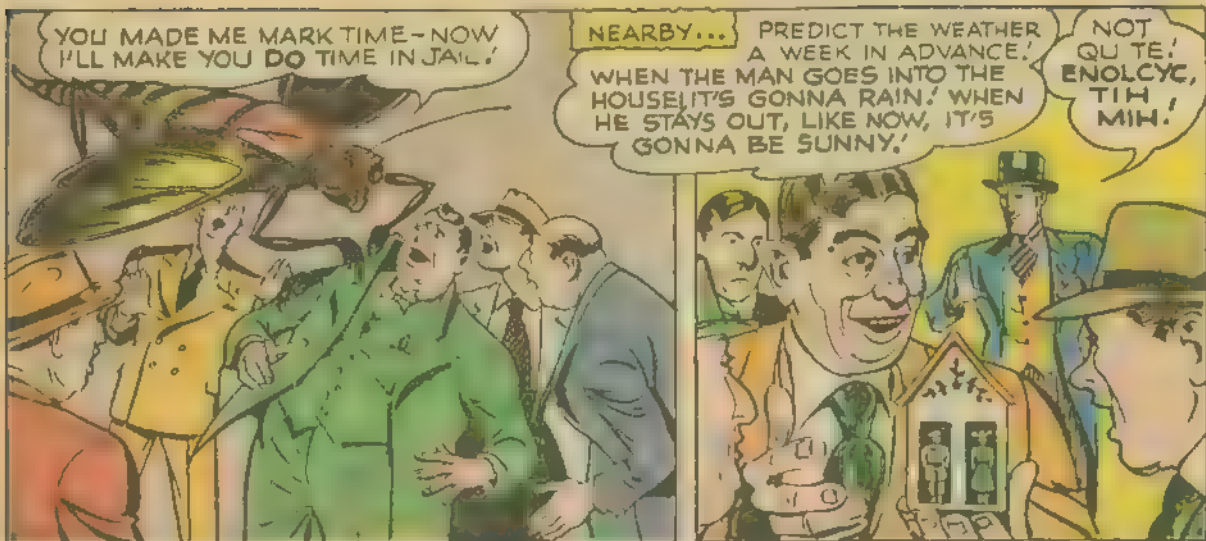
WHAT?



I'M JUST A BEETLE, NOT A SWISS MOVEMENT! I TICK AWAY WHEN YOU SHAKE THE WATCH!

I BETTER BEETLE IT OUTA HERE!

ELTEEB, WORG! YLF RETFA MIH!





For
THRILLS!

The Flash comic book cover features the title 'FLASH' in large, bold letters. Below the title, there's a dynamic illustration of a character in a red and yellow suit, possibly the Flash, in a heroic pose. The cover also includes the text 'SPECIAL HEROES EDITION' and 'THE FLASH'.



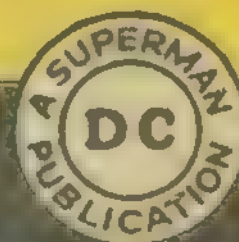
For
ACTION!

The Action comic book cover shows a character in a red and yellow suit, possibly the Flash, in a dynamic pose. The cover includes the title 'ACTION' and a small text box that reads 'KEEP COOL with the Ray Menace in a RAO and ADVENTURE with the Flash'. The cover also features the text 'A DASH FOR THE FLASH' and 'The Flash'.



ASK

FOR THESE MAGAZINES
AT YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND!



FLOATING FORTUNES



THE DRAMA OF SALVAGE



THE Captain of the *Sea Dog* was not in a very good mood. His old freighter had been battling a high sea and a stiff gale for the past three days. She would be at least a day late reaching port and there would be a lot of explaining to do at the company's office.

As he sat in his cabin, gloomily preparing a report to cover the minor damages his ship had suffered during the storm, the First Mate came rushing in excitedly.

"There's a ship off our port bow, Sir!" he shouted. "She's acting strange—either disabled or a derelict—listing badly and going around in circles!"

The Captain snapped out of his gloom with a sudden display of action and enthusiasm.

"Well, don't just stand there!" he yelled. "Steer up close and man a boat!"

"We're already as close as it's safe," the mate explained in a businesslike manner, "and our forward port boat is waiting for your orders."

Without a word the Captain rushed out on the deck and made for the waiting boat. He stopped for a moment and fixed his binoculars on a grey hulk that swerved crazily in the water about a half mile away.

"Her lifeboats are gone," he observed eagerly. "She must have been abandoned during that storm!"

Now, this was a sudden change in fortune for the old captain. According to the laws of the sea an abandoned ship is the prize of the first crew to get her in tow. Even though damaged, such a ship can be a floating fortune for her salvagers and every member of the crew from the captain down to the cabin boy is entitled to a proportionate share of her value.

Of course, if there were still seamen aboard the damaged ship there would be

a slightly different story. Then the rescuing ship would be entitled to an amount up to half the value of the stricken vessel and her cargo for any salvage assistance, and that would be a matter to be bargained out with the skipper of the distressed ship. However, in any event there would be a windfall for the captain and every member of his crew and he felt that fortune was smiling on him as he leaped aboard the waiting boat and curtly ordered: "Lower away!"

When the boat reached the side of the courseless ship, the captain was the first to grab for a dangling Jacob's ladder and climb aboard.

"Ahoy there!" he shouted through cupped hands as soon as he reached the deck. "Any one aboard?"

There was no answer and the seamen who had followed him aboard let out a spontaneous cheer, thinking of the choice prize that the relentless ocean had cast within their easy reach.

The law of the sea may seem heartless in that it puts the victim of her storms and dangers at the mercy of the rescuer, making salvage in a sense a kind of booty. However, there are good reasons why this ancient law, which has no counterpart on land, works for the common good.

As Judge Edwin Louis Garvin, at one time a senior United States Judge for the Eastern District of New York, and an outstanding authority on Admiralty law, explains it:

"The right of the salvor to be paid for his services originated in the Roman law and has been enforced by Courts of Admiralty of nations because it is in the interest of humanity and commerce to encourage the saving and preservation of life and property."

So you see, the Captain of the *Sea Dog*

and his men were well within their rights as they scurried around the decks and holds of the pilotless ship, searching every nook and cranny, inspecting her cargo and determining the extent of her damage—in general, treating her as their own property.

Quickly the Captain learned that while the damaged ship had taken a great deal of water in one of her holds, a shifting of cargo during the heavy blow had caused her to list away from her damaged side so that the leak was now above the water line. If the calm seas kept up he could get her to port with a day's towing.

"Most of the cargo is in good shape, Sir," the First Mate reported, "and we haven't found any one aboard. She's a capital prize!"

The chain hawsers of the Sea Dog were quickly secured to the stricken craft and the Captain ordered a sharp lookout for lifeboats as they once more got under way. In doing this, he was, of course, following the dictates of humanity. However, he was also complying with another maritime law—an American law, which makes it compulsory to render every possible assistance to any person at the peril of the sea. Failure or refusal to do so may be punished by a \$1,000 fine, two years' imprisonment or both. Thus, while a ship need not engage in a salvage operation to save a craft or her cargo except on a voluntary basis, the rescue of crew and passengers is an entirely different matter.

Back on the Sea Dog fortune again came into the picture when after an hour's sailing four life boats were spotted on the calm sea and among those taken aboard was a gruff old gentleman, who introduced himself as the owner and captain of the stricken craft.

"Didn't think you'd ever see her afloat again, did you?" said the Captain of the Sea Dog as he pointed proudly to the listing hulk in tow.

"Hmph!" said the other skipper grumpily. He was thinking of how badly his ship was taking water and settling down as if for a final plunge at the time he had ordered the life boats lowered. He had already

lost his First Mate and it had seemed as if all hands were doomed if he did not act quickly.

"Too bad you abandoned her," the Captain of the Sea Dog went on. "However, that's the fortune of the sea, and if you make a worthwhile offer I'm sure my company will be reasonable about it."

The other man smiled sourly. Actually he was being offered a chance to buy back his own ship and in a damaged condition at that. However, he realized that he had abandoned her to the mercy of the sea and he knew the maritime laws.

"I'll tell you what I'll do—" he started to say and he was about to make a liberal offer for his own ship when a loud hail came from the towed ship.

"Man aboard, Sir!" one of the seamen on the disabled craft was calling. "Found him in the middle hold!"

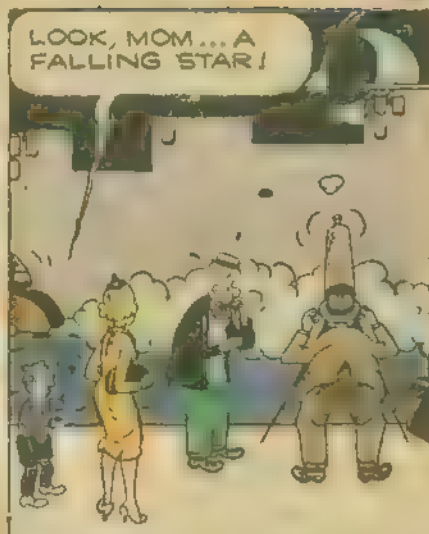
And now the missing First Mate climbed to the rail and called out! "I must have fallen through a damaged hatch during that storm. Been buried in a heap of ropes. They broke my fall but I was out for awhile!"

A big smile spread over the face of the rescued captain.

"Now who ever got the idea we'd abandon as fine a ship as the old Ellen Lou!" he said slyly to the skipper of the Sea Dog, whose face fell, for he knew that with an officer of the stricken craft aboard all this time she could never be considered a derelict and whatever services he had rendered so far might very well go unpaid. There had been no call of distress and no salvage agreement of any kind.

The other man read his thoughts. He slapped the Captain of the Sea Dog on his shoulder and said: "Captain, you seem to be a good hand at towing. How about getting me into port—at a fair price, now, mind you, or I'll bargain around with some other ships passing this way."

"You win," said the Captain of the Sea Dog with a sheepish grin, for he appreciated at least a fair profit for his efforts. "I guess the fortunes of the sea can blow two ways!"



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Krypton No. 9)

CX PNC CQN VXBC
OAXV URON, JMM
FQJC HXD LJW CX
URON.

SUPERMAN.

c/o ACTION COMICS

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME AGE

STREET ADDRESS

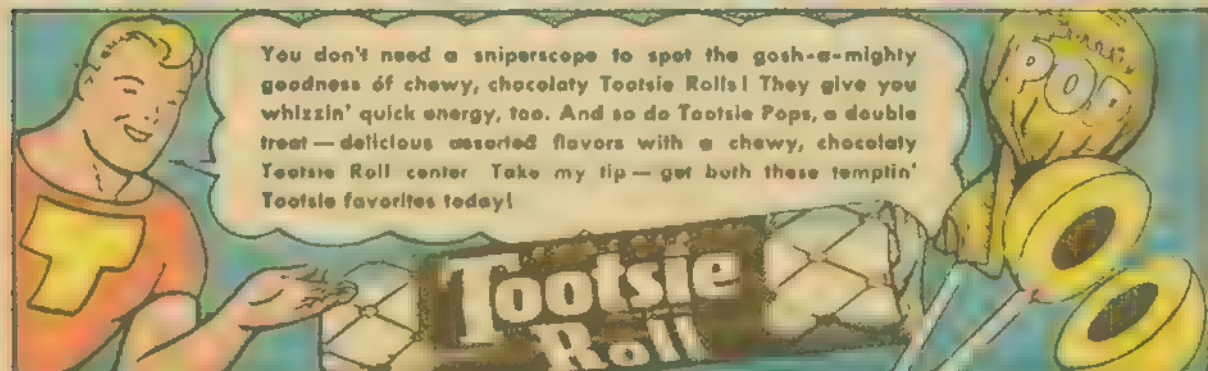
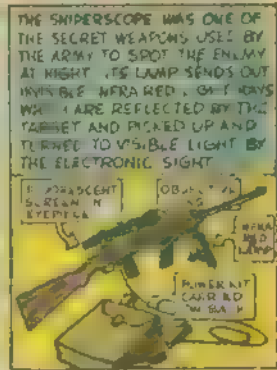
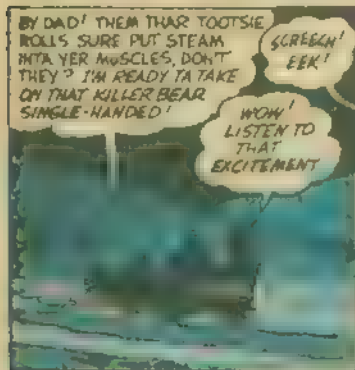
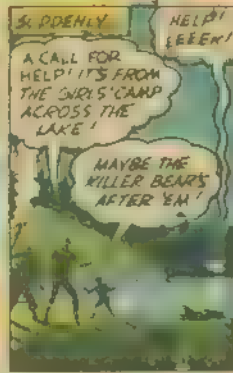
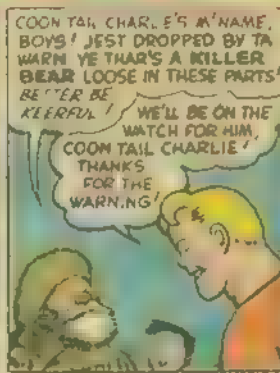
CITY ZONE STATE

OCT.

TOOTSIE KILLER BEAR

TRAPS WITH INVISIBLE LIGHT

BY BOB AND FRED SCHNEIDER





VIGILANTE



A MORE ROOTIN' TOOTIN' SURE-FIRE SHOOTIN' GAL THAN ANNIE O' LEE NEVER CAME OUT OF THE WEST! RAISED ON A SIX-GUN, SHE COULD SHOOT THE DOT OFF AN "I" AT FIFTY PACES--WHICH WOULD MAKE HER A DANGEROUS ADVERSARY ON THE **WRONG** SIDE OF THE LAW! BUT WAS **SHE** ON THE **WRONG** SIDE? THAT'S THE PUZZLER THE **VIGILANTE** HAD TO SOLVE, AS HE SET OUT TO CRACK THE PERILOUS CASE OF...

"The Reluctant Annie Oakley!"



A GROUP OF DISGRUNTLED GANGSTERS ARE DISTURBED BY A PRESSING PROBLEM....

BOYS, WE JUST GOTTA GET GUMMY OUTA JAIL. HE'S MY TOUGHEST ROD-MAN AN I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE H.M.

YEAH BOSS! BUT **HOW?** WE'VE BEEN WRACKING OUR BRAINS FOR HOURS!

HOW ABOUT RELAXIN' FOR A WHILE AN TAKIN' A GANDER AT A TELEVISION SHOW? IT MIGHT DUST THE COB-WEBS OFF OUR BRAINS!



THE THUGS SLUMP INTO CHAIRS AROUND THE TELEVISION SET. ALL EYES FOCUS ON THE SCREEN...

TELEVISION FANS--TONIGHT, INSTEAD OF OUR REGULAR SINGIN' PROGRAM WE PRESENT **GREG SANDERS' CONTEST FOR COWBOYS**. INTRODUCING MR. SANDERS



HOWDY FOLKS! OUR FIRST CONTESTANT... SLIM WILSON... **LARIAT CHAMPION!**

YIPPEE!



AND NOW WE TAKE PLEASURE IN INTRODUCING **BRANDIN' IRON BILLY**--WITH A COLLECTION OF EVERY BRANDIN' IRON THE WEST EVER SAW!

BRANDING IRONS WELL...AT LEAST WE'RE RELAXIN'!

YEAH. I'M FALLIN' ASLEEP!



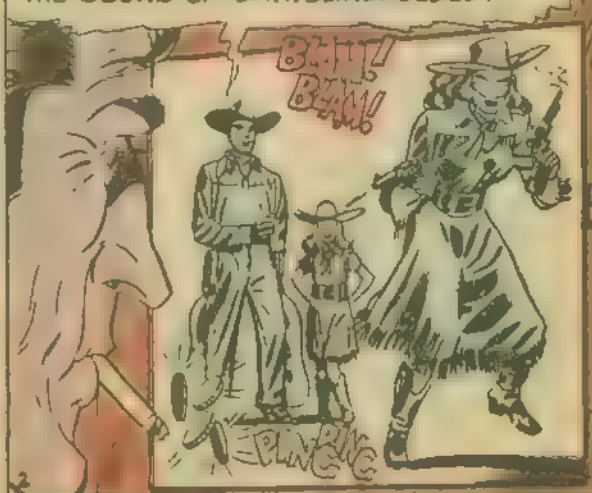
BUT THE GANG ISN'T BORED FOR LONG....

FINALLY ANNE O. LEE AND HER "MAGIC" SHOOTIN' IRONS... SHOOTIN' WITH A MIRROR!

THAT'S MY SISTER! SHE'S GOOD!

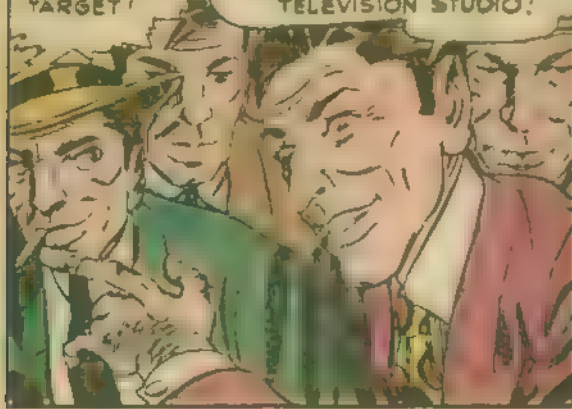


AND NOW SHE PICKS OFF ROLLIN' COINS BY THE SOUND OF 'EM!... **BLINDFOLDED!**



LAST OF ALL--
A **RICOCHET**
SHOT OFF A
WALL-- AN'
SMACK ON A
TARGET!

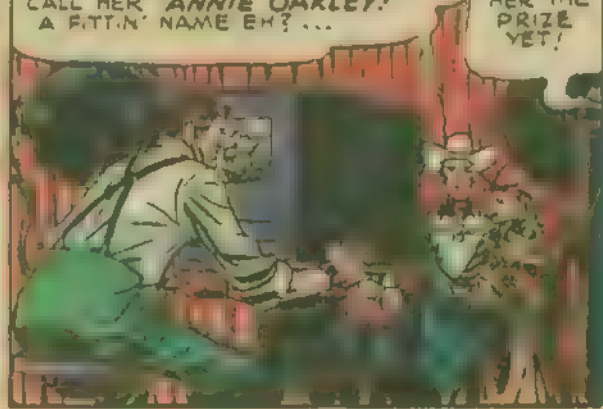
BOYS WERE GETTIN' GUMMY
OUTA JAIL! AN' ANNIE O.
LEE IS GONNA HELP US!
WARM UP THE CAR-- WE'RE
HEADIN' FOR THE
TELEVISION STUDIO!



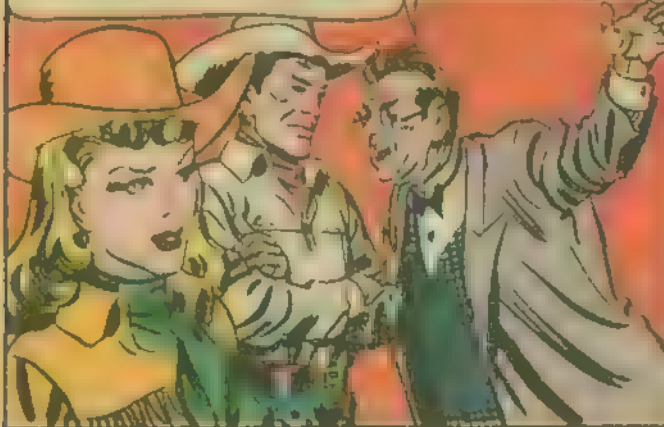
MEANWHILE AT THE TELEVISION STUDIO--

THIS LITTLE MISS WINS THE PRIZE
FOLKS! MISS ANNIE O LEE! MIDDLE
NAME'S OAK AN' FOLKS IN TEXAS
CALL HER "**ANNIE OAKLEY!**"
A FITTIN' NAME EH? ...

GREG!
DON'T
GIVE
HER THE
PRIZE
YET!

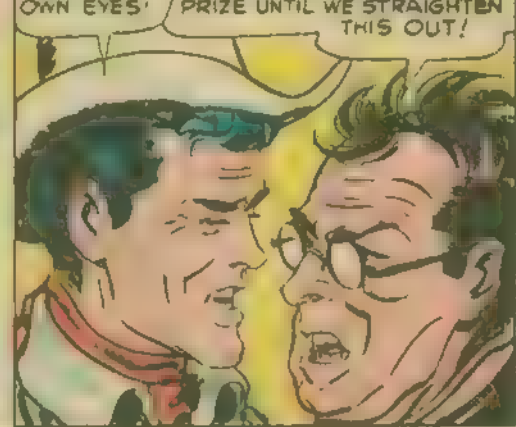


OUR SWITCHBOARD IS BOMBARDED WITH ANGRY
TELEPHONE CALLS! THE AUDIENCE THINKS THE TARGET
EXHIBITION WAS **FAKED!** THEY DON'T THINK THE GIRL
CAN ACTUALLY SHOOT THAT WELL!



A FAKE?
BUT WE
SAW IT
WITH OUR
OWN EYES!

BUT THE AUDIENCE GREG!
THEY THINK THE WHOLE
THING WAS RIGGED! WE'LL
HAVE TO WITHHOLD THE
PRIZE UNTIL WE STRAIGHTEN
THIS OUT!



WELL, I'LL TALK TO MISS LEE--
MISS LEE? WHERE IS SHE?
SHE'S GONE!

I KNOW WHERE
SHE IS, GREG!
"PUFF PUFF" SOME
MEN MADE HER
AND HER LITTLE
SISTER GO OUT
WITH 'EM! I
SAW 'EM!

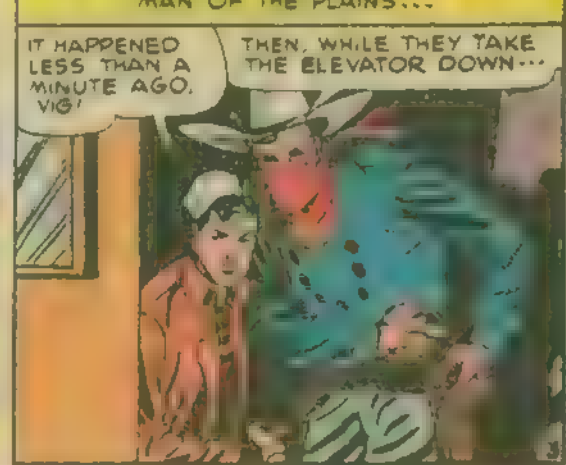
STUDIO



GREG SANDERS STEPS INTO THE
SHADOWS OF THE CORRIDOR WHERE HE
QUICKLY BECOMES THE VIGILANTE FAMED
MAN OF THE PLAINS...

IT HAPPENED
LESS THAN A
MINUTE AGO.
VIG!

THEN, WHILE THEY TAKE
THE ELEVATOR DOWN...



AT THIS
MOMENT

GET IN, ANNIE! WE AIN'T SHARP SHOOTERS,
BUT WE CAN'T MISS FROM THIS DISTANCE!

I'M SCARED



BUT AS THE GETAWAY CAR PULLS AWAY
FROM THE CURB, THE SHARP WHINE OF
THE MOTOR BLANKETS THE SOFT THUD
OF TWO FIGURES LANDING ON THE
STEEL TOP....



THE CAR SPEEDS THROUGH THE CITY....

BOSS! SOMEONE'S
ON DA ROOF! I
SEEN DA RE-
FLECTION IN A
STORE WINDOW!

YEAH? WELL, WE'LL
FIX WHOEVER IT IS!
SLAM ON THE
BRAKES, CROAKER!



THEN COMES TO A SCREECHING HALT....

IT'S DA VIGILANTE
AN HIS KID
SIDEKICK!

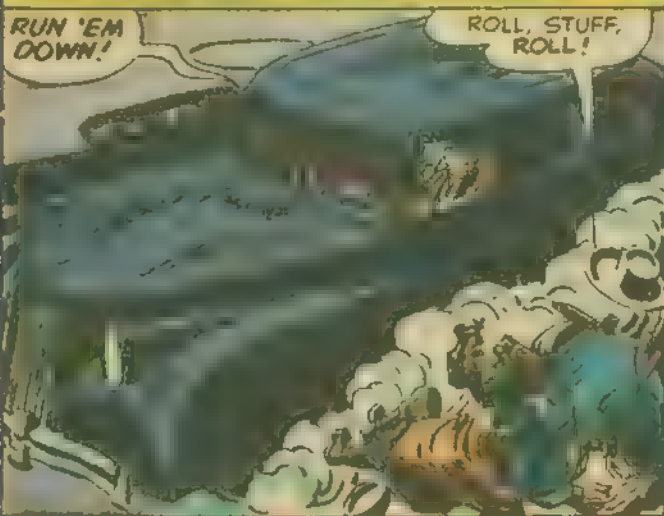
HO, HO! DA SUDDEN STOP
TREW 'EM OFF!



THEN THE BIG SEDAN HURTTLES FORWARD....

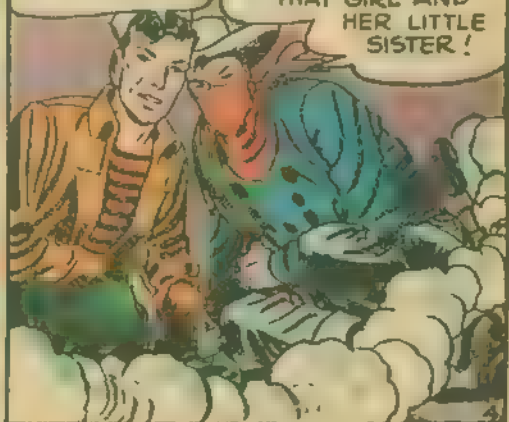
RUN 'EM
DOWN!

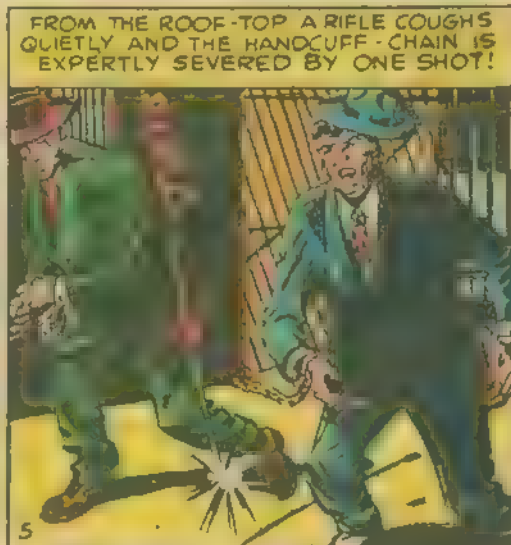
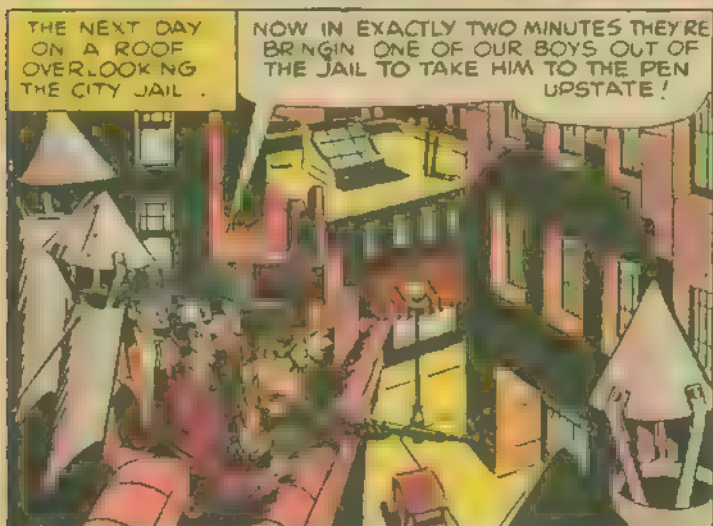
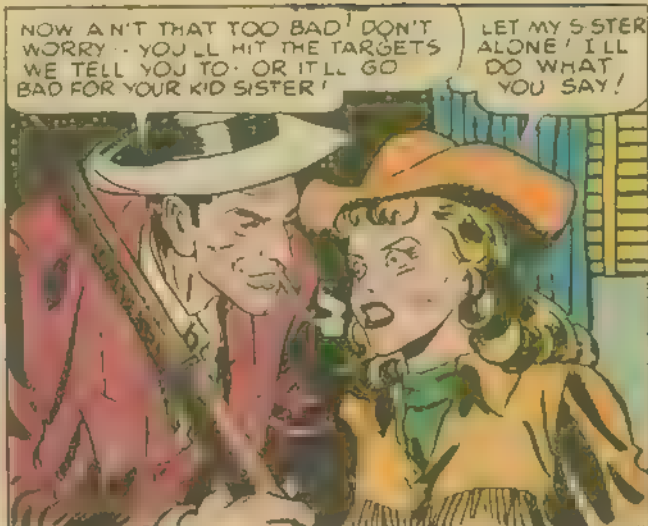
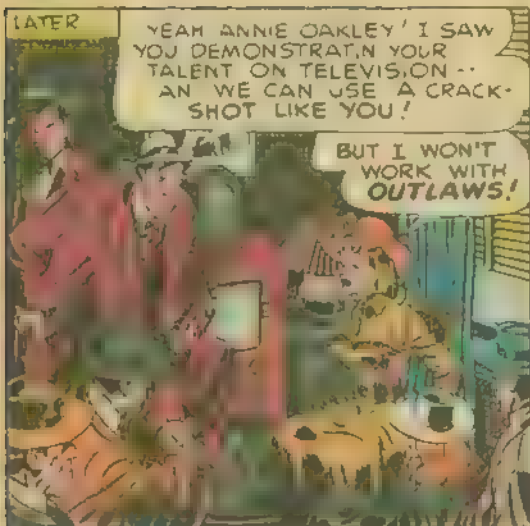
ROLL, STUFF,
ROLL!

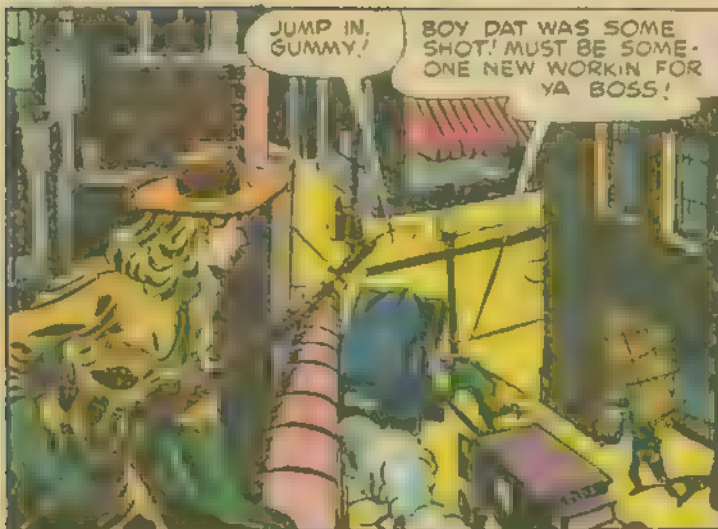


KNOWIN' HOW
TO ROLL FROM
A FALLIN' BRONC
SURE COMES
IN HANDY!

RIGHT, STUFF! BUT
THEY GOT AWAY!
WHAT I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND IS
WHY THEY KIDNAPPED
THAT GIRL AND
HER LITTLE
SISTER!







OTHER MYSTERIOUS CRIMES FOLLOW! A WELL AIMED BULLET CUTS A WIRE IN A JEWELRY STORE, RENDERING THE BURGLAR ALARM USELESS...

SHE GOT IT! IT'S SAFE TO BREAK IN NOW! LET'S GRAB THE LOOT!



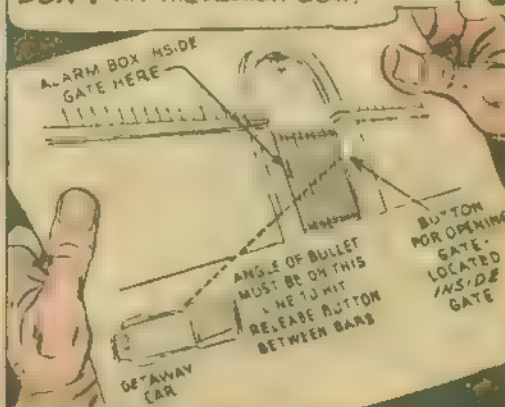
AFTERWARDS AT THE HIDEOUT...

HAVEN'T I DONE ENOUGH OF YOUR DIRTY WORK NOW? LET MY SISTER AND ME GO!

NOT SO FAST BABE WE'VE GOT MORE WORK TO DO I'VE EVEN GOT PLANS DRAWN FOR THE NEXT JOB!



SEE BABE? WE PARK DOWN HERE... WHERE I GOT IT MARKED THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOOT ALONG AN ANGLE TO HIT THE BUTTON THAT OPENS THE GATE! DON'T HIT THE ALARM BOX!



THAT GATE LEADS INTO AN ESTATE--WHERE WE'RE GOIN' TO CLEAN UP HALF A MILLION IN JEWELS AN' SILVERWARE! LET'S GET GOIN'!



AFTER MIDNIGHT THE CAR PARKS AT THE APPOINTED SPOT...

THE COP WON'T BE BACK AROUND HERE FOR HALF AN HOUR CO. AHEAD AND FIRE!

SURE THIS SHOT LOOKS VERY SIMPLE!





THEN THE SHARP-SHOOTING LASS AIMS AND FIRES...

I CAN ALSO HIT TARGETS WITH A **RICOCHET SHOT!** SO NOW'S MY BIG CHANCE...

SHE HIT IT, BOSS! THE GATES ARE OPENIN'!



BUT, LIKE THE TELEVISION **RICOCHET SHOT**, THE PELLET CAROMS OFF THE RELEASE BUTTON AND SLAMS INTO THE ALARM BOX...

CLANG

THAT ALARM'LL BRING EVERY COP IN THE WORLD! GET GOIN'!



ALERT PATROL CARS HEAR THE CLANGING, AND TWO FAMED FIGURES ON A MOTORCYCLE JOIN IN THE CHASE...

HANG ON, STUFF! WE'RE FOLLOWIN' THAT PATROL CAR!



MEANWHILE, THE ESCAPING CROOKS PAUSE ON A BRIDGE, AND ...

NO! NO!

SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED US, SISTER! OVER YOU GO--AN' WE'LL TAKE CARE O' YOUR KID SISTER LATER!



IN THAT SPLIT SECOND, A MOTORCYCLE ROARS UP, AND A LARIAT SNAKES DOWNWARD LIKE LIGHTNING...

GOOD THING WE OUTRAN THE PATROL CAR WHEN WE SPOTTED THE CROOKS! NOW TO PULL HER UP!



A MOMENT LATER, A GRIM CHASE BEGINS...

STUFF WILL JUST HAVE TO MISS THIS ONE!

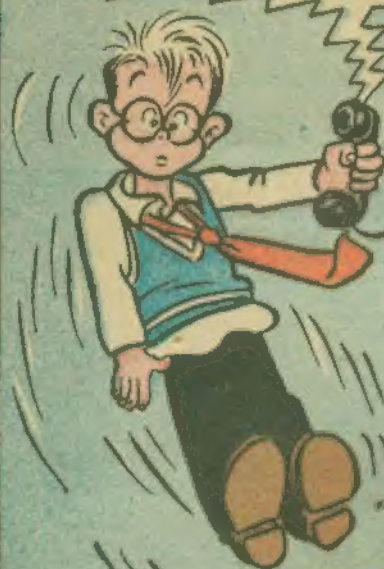
TAKE ONE O' MY SIX-GUNS, MISS! MAYBE TARGET SHOOTING CAN HELP OUR SIDE NOW!

I SURE WILL!





CONGRATULATIONS,
SCRIBBLY! YOUR FIRST
BOOK WAS AN **ALL-OUT
SELL-OUT!**



GOOD HEAVENS,
SCRIBBLY! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
UP THERE?

I CAN'T HELP
IT, MOM-- IT'S
THE WAY I
FEEL!



HELLO...
HELLO??



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AND YOU'LL BE
FLOATING ON
AIR, TOO, WHEN
YOU READ THE
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ISSUE
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